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LEWIS FAMILY

PIONEERS OF EASTERN TENNESSEE AND INDIANA TERRITORY

THE LEWIS ARMS

By
WILLIAM G. LEWIS

NEW INDEX
BY RALPH D. KIRKPATRICK

Reprinted 1979 by The Bookmark, Knightstown, Ind.

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LEWIS

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Lewis, William G., 1826-1906

Lewis family :

Lewis Family

Pioneers of Eastern Tennessee

AND

Indiana Territory

Being an account of the Revolutionary record of Nathan Lewis of Wales, some of his descendants and the Lewis family history written by his great-grandson William G. Lewis of Fairmount, Indiana.

LEWIS COAT OF ARMS

"EVERY KIND OF STRENGTH ONLY FOR COUNTRY IS"

NEW INDEX

BY RALPH D. KIRKPATRICK

WHO ALSO LOANED THE ORIGINAL COPY OF THIS BOOK

COMPILED AND EDITED BY MRS. MAUNTA G. MILLER

OF

MARION, INDIANA

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DAVID G. LEWIS

Of Fairmount, Indiana

Reprinted 1979 by The Bookmark, Knightstown, Ind.

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Mrs James Snyder

Affectionately Dedicated
To My Sons
Harry D. and Clair L. Miller.

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PREFACE

The work here presented has been undertaken to preserve a family history, written many years ago by William G. Lewis of Fairmount, Indiana, for his nephew, David G. Lewis; also to preserve the data, which has been found during fifteen months of research work.

The author of the present book has aimed, in her performance to produce an authentic record and all dates, etc., given by her, were found in Bible records, deeds, histories or court records of the places herein mentioned.

It has been a very interesting work and I only hope the future generations will appreciate this history of our Pioneer Ancestors.

Mrs. Maunta G. Miller.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE LEWIS NAME

The name Lewis is derived from the Norwegian LJODHHUS, the sounding house. The sounding house means a building which housed the men who took the depth of the sea.

NOTES FROM THE LEWIS FAMILY HISTORIES

By Du Bellet and Benjamin F. Van Meter

"The Lewis family were originally French Huguenots and left France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Three brothers, viz., William, Samuel and John, fled to England.

"Shortly afterwards William removed to the north of Ireland where he married a Miss McClelland. Samuel fixed his residence in Wales, while John continued in England.

"General Robert (1) and John were sons of Samuel and came to America about 1700."

FROM MERIWETHER LEWIS HISTORY

The Meriwether Lewis line, is in line of General Robert (1) of Glouster County, Virginia. Colonel Robert Lewis (4), John (3), John (2), General Robert (1), of Belvoir Albermarle County, Virginia, was a son of Major John Lewis (3) and Frances Fielding Lewis, his wife, married Jane, daughter of Nicholas Meriwether. He died in 1757, leaving five children.

William Lewis (5), Colonel Robert (4), John (3), John (2), General Robert (1), was a Captain in the State line during the Revolution. Married Lucy Meriwether, daughter of Thomas Meriwether.

Meriwether Lewis (6), Captain William (5), Colonel Robert (4), John (3), John (2), General Robert (1), generally called the "Oregon Explorer," son of Captain William Lewis (5), born August 18, 1774. His father died when he was four years old, so he grew up under the care of his guardian, Colonel Nicholas Lewis, his father's brother. He died near Nashville, Tennessee, in 1809.

FRANCIS LEWIS

"Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Llandaff, Wales, March, 1713, and came to America in 1734."

(Editor's Note: Family tradition tells us we are related to both Meriwether Lewis and Francis Lewis, although I have been unable to trace the connection direct to them.)

NATHAN LEWIS

Nathan Lewis was born in Wales about the year of 1724. Arrived at the Port of Baltimore about 1760 or 1765. After a short time they moved to Sullivan County, North Carolina, or as it is now called, Eastern Tennessee. A mill was built on the Holston river near Rotherwood, which was standing at the time

of the Civil War. During the Revolutionary War Eastern Tennessee was harassed by Indians and the British, leaving little opportunity for military service.

In the summer of 1778 the Tenth Regiment was organized. A part of this regiment was taken north to West Point, a part was under Washington's direct command and some of its men were used in frontier service. Just where Nathan Lewis served is not clear. The North Carolina records show him to have enlisted July 20, 1778, while residing on the Holston, for a period of nine months, in the Tenth Regiment, North Carolina Line, Ballards Company. A record of the movements of the Tenth Regiment, North Carolina Line, as given in Volume 13, Appendix IX, Revolutionary Records, as follows:

"These nine months continentals from eleven counties having assembled at Halifax in July, 1778, Colonel Hogun organized his regiment and marched six hundred to the northward. In August he reached Philadelphia and hastened on to Washington's headquarters at White Plains. In November his regiment was engaged in throwing up fortifications at West Point, while the four other North Carolina regiments, constituting the Brigade then under command of Colonel Clarke and numbering twelve hundred rank and file, were with Washington at Fredericksburg, thirty miles farther east on the Connecticut line."

"In January, 1779, Congress gave tardy recognition of our North Carolina troops and elected Sumner and Hogun to be Brigadier Generals. Other companies of these new Continentals went into camp at Dulpine Court House at Salisbury and Hillsboro and some marched to Peytonsburg, but Congress, having failed to send the money offered as bounty, most of them remained at home and eventually orders were issued, placing them on furlough until March."

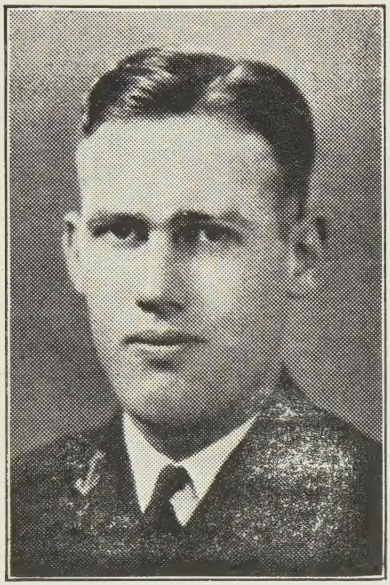
Appendix XI, Volume 13.

Part of an answer to Washington's Letter.

"No troops can be expected from Washington County. Their whole strength is employed in the suppression of the savages and other inhuman wreckers who have their livelihood from carnage and rapine."

(Editor's Note: It was at first thought that Nathan Lewis settled in Baltimore, Md., before going to North Carolina, but a search of the records at Baltimore Court House, both as to grantees and grantors, from the year of 1655 to 1797, failed to show the name of Nathan Lewis as dealing in any land there.)

Nathan Lewis was the father of five children, all or most of them being born in Wales. Their names were: David, born 1758, George and Washington, sons, and two daughters, of which only one name, Rachel, is given. After the death of Nathan Lewis and his wife in Eastern Tennessee or what was known then as Hawkins County, the estate was sold and his children all left that part of the country.

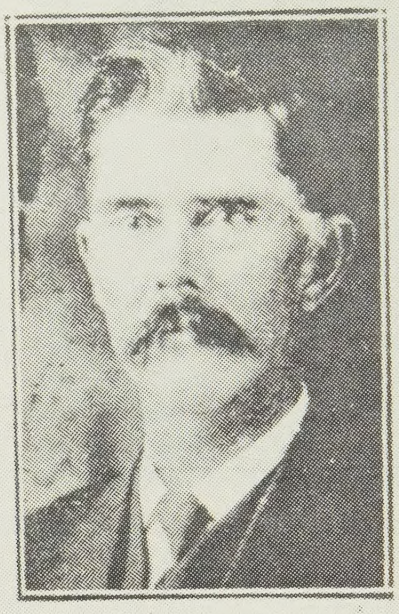


MIDSHIPMAN CLAIR L. MILLER

(Editor's Note: Midshipman Clair L. Miller, of the United States Naval Academy, a fourth great-grandson of Nathan Lewis, is the first one of his descendants to prove up on his Revolutionary services. He was accepted as a member of the Children of the Revolution, February 9, 1928. He is the son of Frank C. and Maunta G. Miller, was born April 29, 1907, in Marion, Indiana. He graduated from the Marion High School in 1924 at the age of 17 years, enlisted in the United States Navy at Indianapolis in June, 1924. Was sent to the Hampton Roads training school at Hampton Roads, Virginia, passed the examination for entrance in the Annapolis Class and remained in school there until May, 1925, when he took the final examination which he passed and gained his entrance in the Naval Academy of Annapolis, Maryland, on June 15, 1925. He was elected president of the Class of '29 on September 28, 1927, he being the first in ten years to come up from the ranks of an enlisted man, to be so honored. He is also secretary of the Naval Academy Christian Association. Academically he stood number one in his Company and number four in his Battalion for the past two years' work.

He has been active in three sports, football, basketball and lacrosse, having earned eight letters so far in competition at the Academy, also three major "N" stars, for having participated in games in which the Navy defeated the Army. He is the only man in the Academy at the present time who is wearing three stars on his sweater. On February 27, 1928, he was elected captain of the basketball team for the 1928-'29 season, which also makes him the first man to come up from the ranks and hold this position. He

is now a Junior, and will graduate in June, 1929, when he will be commissioned an Ensign in the United States Navy at the age of twenty two years.)



DAVID G. LEWIS

From "The Making of a Township," by Baldwin.

David G. Lewis, of Fairmount, Indiana, for whom the Lewis history was written, by his uncle, William G. Lewis, was born two and a half miles southeast of Fairmount, on what was known as the John Leach farm, August 16, 1862. His paternal grandparents were David and Nancy (George) Lewis; his maternal grandparents were Morgan and Susan (Payne) Lewis.

Morgan O. Lewis, the father and a former Township Trustee, was born in Fairmount Township, January 21, 1836, and died January 18, 1884. The mother, Mariah Lewis, was born at Nauvoo, Illinois, May 4, 1844 and died in November, 1901.

David G. Lewis was educated in the common schools of Fairmount Township. In 1868 he attended his first school at Sugar Grove, which was taught by his father. All his life he has followed farming. For thirty-five years he has studied tree culture and his nursery on South Mill street is an evidence of his perseverance and industry. For several years he was a stockholder and director in the Fairmount Fair Association. He is a self-made man. By his own efforts, unaided, he has met with success from humble beginning. In 1914 he was elected Trustee of Fairmount Township and served four years. He was the first to secure state aid for vocational training in Fairmount Township,

which enables boys over fourteen and under twenty-five years of age, to secure competent instruction in various vocations. In politics he is a Democrat and has served his party as Precinct Committeeman, Secretary of the Township Committee and as a member of the Finance Committee. He has been active in all organized movements of the past to eliminate the saloon or the sale of liquor in the county and township. The esteem in which he is held is evidenced by his election as President repeatedly, of the Grant County Township Trustee Association. He was reared in the Methodist Protestant church. In June, 1899, he was married at Jonesboro, Indiana, to Miss Mintie Ward, only child of Austin P. and Lucinda A. Ward, and a granddaughter of Elijah Ward, who helped to organize the First Methodist church of Fairmount Township. They are the parents of one son, Iliff Ward Lewis, born January 30, 1903, who is in the nursery business with his father. He recently married Sarah J. Leach, daughter of Charles and Minnie Payne Leach, and resides at 415 South Mill street, near the nursery. David has spent all his life (with the exception of eleven months, spent in Hand County, South Dakota) in Fairmount Township.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF WILLIAM G. AND DAVID LEWIS, JR.

By DAVID G. LEWIS

Being interested in my grandfather and grandmother Lewis' family, I went to my Uncle William G. Lewis, who was nine years old when he came to Grant County, and asked him to write a brief history of their family. He requested me to get some writing material, which I did, and he wrote the history as it appears in this little book. A short time before his death he told me that as soon as he was able he intended to enlarge and rewrite the whole history, but did not live to do, hence, if there is any apology or correction to be made it is too late now, as he has passed to his Great Reward. I will give a brief history of Uncle William, as I knew him from my boyhood until his death.

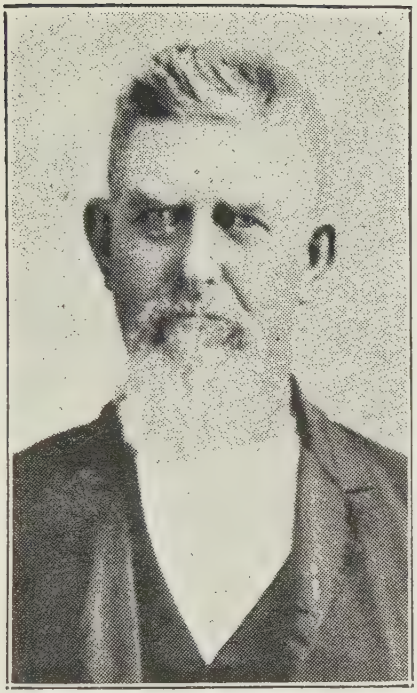
He was the oldest living son of Grandfather's family, a man possessed of more than ordinary physical and mental strength; height about 5 feet 10 inches, weighing as much as two hundred twenty or thirty pounds; the very picture of health and with a strong personality, who always impressed his hearer with his sincerity of purpose. His complexion was very fair, with blue eyes and brown hair. He has told of his business career but I might add that he was greatly assisted by his good wife, Emoline, and they fought the battles of life together, a few years past their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1903, at which time their relatives, neighbors and friends came from far and near with well filled baskets and spent the day with them. A long table was spread beneath the shade of the old apple trees in the orchard and a feast was enjoyed by all. A gold headed cane was presented to Uncle William, a gold lined silver thimble and a gold ring was presented to Aunt Emoline. Pictures were taken of all present, and when the sun set low in the west, bid them

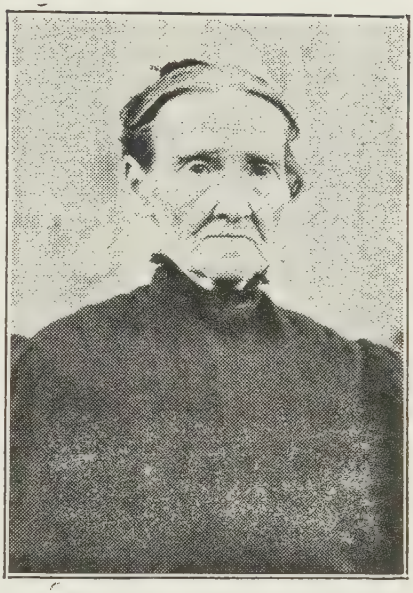
goodbye, after spending a most happy day and one long to be remembered.

"Uncle Billy" as we sometimes called him, was a success as a business man, owning a good farm southeast of Fairmount at the time of his death. He was also a successful Minister of the Gospel and one of the greatest achievements of his Ministry was the Revival Meeting held in the old Grant school house in 1885. He was ably assisted in those meetings by the late Zimri C. Osborn, Lucinda Ward and Louisa Payne Thorn, and others. Elsberry Payne and Mrs. Rachel Deshon, who had recently been converted were two of the younger ones who took an active part in these services. The meetings commenced on March 19th and continued almost day and night for about eleven days. The results were that 173 people were converted and united with the church. This community has never known such an awakening before or since. A class was immediately organized and a new church building erected across from the school house, which was named Pleasant Grove, and is standing yet today, where regular Sunday School and Church services are conducted by Reverend F. M. Iliff, who was among the first pastors of the church. This church is located about a mile and a half east of Uncle William's home and for the past four years the Lewis reunion has been held at this place. Uncle William's death occurred in January, 1906, at his home on the farm. His funeral was conducted by the Masonic Order, from the Congregational church at Fairmount, Indiana, burial in Park Cemetery. Aunt Emoline, his wife, passed away in May, 1916. Her funeral was held from the Methodist church and burial in Park Cemetery at Fairmount.

I will now give a brief description of Grandfather and Grandmother Lewis. Grandfather was a man of medium height, dark complexion, always wearing a beard, as his picture shows. He was a man of great endurance, a good conversationalist and very religiously inclined. He had a great abhorrence of the wrong, and was always contending for the right as he saw it. Grandmother was rather a large woman, light complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair. She was a good, Christian woman, very industrious and anxious for her children's welfare. Among the greatest events of my life when young, was the evenings spent with Grandfather and Grandmother, when my cousin, George Ice and I, while sitting before the old fire place, would listen to the many tales of pioneer life that Grandfather would tell us. Grandmother passed away April 2, 1877, at the age of 72 years. Grandfather passed away November 13, 1885, at the age of 81 years. They are buried in the Zion Chapel Cemetery in Delaware County and tombstones mark each of their graves. I have always felt that any merits which may be due any of us was inherited from Grandfather and Grandmother Lewis.

To the relatives and readers of this little book I feel we owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Maunta Miller of Marion, Indiana, a great granddaughter of David and Nancy Lewis, for her untiring efforts in compiling this history, which has been made authentic by her search of many County and State records.





WILLIAM G. LEWIS EMOLINE OSBORN LEWIS

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF THE LEWIS FAMILY

By WILLIAM G. LEWIS

I have been requested by my nephew, David G. Lewis, to give a short history of my Grandfather's family on both sides. My Grandfather on Father's side was David Lewis, son of Nathan Lewis, of Wales. He had two brothers, George and Washington. They had two sisters. My Grandfather married a woman by the name of Elizabeth Hawkins. She was a sister to Rebecca, Davy Crocket's mother. They had eleven children; Nathan, born January 1, 1790; Jane, born December 27, 1790; John, born October, 1792; Morgan, born 1794; Rebecca, born 1795; Nellie, born 1797; Polly (or Mary) born 1798; Celia, born 1799; Sarah (or Sally) born 1800; Betsey (or Elizabeth) born 1802 and David, Jr., born May, 1804.

(I) Nathan Lewis married a woman by the name of Jane Trusley. They had six children as follows: Rev. J. W. Lewis, Asberry Lewis, David Lewis, and the girls were Mary, Rebecca and Catherine. Nathan was in the War of 1812.

(II) John Lewis married a woman by the name of Susannah Barber and to them was born nine children: David, Wesley, Moses,

Simeon, Clark, Lifelet, Nathan, Hulda and Harriet. John Lewis was also in the War of 1812.

(III) Morgan Lewis married a woman by the name of Susannah Payne. To them was born nine children: William, Nathan, George, John, Mary, Deborah, Rebecca, Mariah and Evoline.

(IV) Jane Lewis married a man by the name of John Harley, to them was born seven children: Lewis, Mary, Hagey, Sarah, John D., Rebecca and Nancy J.

(V) Nellie Lewis married a man by the name of John Weston, to them was born nine children: David, Joseph, Sarah, James, Elizabeth, Simon, Thomas, John and Wesley.

(VI) Rebecca Lewis married a man by the name of Jacob Miller, to them was born five children: George, David, Martha, Jessy and Catherine.

(VII) Celia Lewis married a man by the name of William Payne, to them was born twelve children as follows: Morgan L., Thomas, James G., Washington, John F., David L., Margaret E., Allen W., William L., Wessley, Jane and Morris.

(VII) Sarah Lewis married a man by the name of Williamson Collet, to them was born one child; her name was Martha.

(IX) Elizabeth Lewis married a man by the name of James Wise, to them was born six children: Sarah, William L., George, Irena, Parthena and Martha E.

(X) Polly Lewis married a man b ythe name of John Campbell. They had two children; Nancy and Mariah.

(XI) David Lewis Jr., my father, married a woman by the name of Nancy George, to them was born ten children as follows: William G., born 1826, Wessley B., born 1828 and died November 26, 1845; Mary, born 1829; James W., born 1832; Sarah J., born 1833; Morgon O., born 1836; Evoline, born 1837; Rebecca Anne, born 1842; John S. D., born 1844, and Elizabeth, born 1845.

MARRIAGES OF FATHER'S FAMILY

William G. married Emoline Osborn, to them was born eight children: Louisa Evoline, James Oliver, Mary, died in her twentieth year, Rachel E., Nancy Jane, died when young, David Henry, and two died in infancy.

My sister, Mary, or Polly, married John Leach, to them was born seven children: Nancy L., Sarah Jane, Esom O., James Edward, Mary, Martha A., and David (died in infancy).

My brother, James W., married Isabell Ward. They had three children, Johnnie died when young, William A. and Nancy E.

My sister, Sarah J., married Ransom Ice, to them was born six children. Frederick died when young. David O., Rebecca Jane, George W., John Will and Nancy.

My brother, Morgon O., married Mariah Lewis, and to them was born eight children as follows: Hamilton, died in infancy, David G., Nancy Elizabeth, John D. R., Janie, died in infancy, William J., Mary S., and Rachel, (died in infancy.)

My sister Evoline married Elias Vuncannon. They have one child, Lydia Jane.

My sister Rebecca Ann married Madison Haynes, to them was born six children: Nancy Elizabeth, Charley died when young, Chloe died in infancy, Ida died when young, Mary Jane and William.

My brother John S. D., married Hannah McCoy. They have three children: Mack, Minnie and Allie.

My sister Elizabeth, married Jasper Leach and to them was born six children, Mary, Gertrude, Charley, Anna and two who died in infancy.

(Editor's Note: The fourth annual reunion of the descendents of David Jr., and Nancy Lewis was held September 4, 1927, at which time there were 281 living descendents.)

Grandfather's brother, George married a woman by the name of Elizabeth Johnson in Tennessee, to them was born seventeen children. I will give their names but not their births: Nathan (died when young), John, William, Philip, Joshua, Ephriam, Benjamin and George were the sons. The girls' names were Sarah, Mary, Jane, Eleanor (or Nellie), Rebecca, Adah, Nancy, Elizabeth and Rachel. Rachel married Soloman Mason.

(Editor's Note: Jane married Stephen Thorn. They were the grandparents of Stephen Thorn of Marion, Indiana. Nellie married Morris Payne, and were the parents of Ephriam Payne. Nancy married John Janney, and were the grandparents of George and Monroe Robertson, Elizabeth married first Mr. Atcheson and second Mr. Keever, Sarah married Mr. Ashley of Dearborn county. Ephriam and Philip moved to Kansas, Missouri. Joshua died in Illinois.)

Note by Charles Lewis, Summitville, Indiana.

William Lewis, son of George Lewis, married Sarah Lawrence and resided in Boone county, Indiana. He was quite a trapper and hunter. For a time he worked on a river boat. He would go to Lafayette and float down the Wabash river to the Mississinewa and on down to New Orleans. They would load up with freight and dispose of it and sell their boat and get back the best way they could. One night while going on one of their trips they passed a cabin where negroes were singing and dancing. In just a little while they passed another cabin just like the first one and so on until they had passed several all alike. So when morning came they found they were in a whirl pool and had been going in a circle all night.

Another trip when they were taking some passengers, their boat sprung a leak. William Lewis worked so long in the water carrying women and children to safety that he contracted pneumonia and was very sick. This was in 1840. He lived many years longer, however. His death occurred in 1874.

(Editor's Note: They were the grandparents of Charles Lewis of Summitville, and Rev. Emma Payne and William R. Lewis of Fairmount, Indiana.)

Note by Charles Lewis of Summitville, Indiana: Benjamin

Lewis married Sarah Dunn and lived in Delaware county, Indiana. He took a contract to build four miles of railroad in Delaware county. It was surveyed from Chicago to Cincinnati. The C. & O. road is now on part of the old right-of-way between Fowlerton and Gaston. Indiana. He got part of the grade completed and ties laid when the company broke up. In order to pay off his hands, he sold his farm and all his belongings, which left him penniless. He got a friend to back him for money enough to take him to California to the gold fields. His family remained in Indiana. The party traveled by horse back, on foot and by boat and many times had to camp without fire to keep the Indians from locating them. He was fortunate enough to find gold so came back home by the way of Cuba. He had enough gold dust to finish paying his debts and bought 100 acres of land in the Bouie settlement. The gold dust was carried in goose quills. This took place in the early sixties.)

(Editor's Note: Sarah Dunn was the second wife of Benjamin Lewis. He was the father of two sons, Wade and Carl, by his first wife.)

Of Grandfather's brother Washington, I know but little, except that he went to Alabama and one of his decendents was Governor of the State of Alabama at one time.

(Editor's Note: I think it must have been a grandson of Washington Lewis, who was Governor of Alabama. The records show that David Peter Lewis was born July 3, 1834, in Charlotte county, Virginia, was the son of Peter C., and Mary Smith (Buster) Lewis of Virginia. His father was of Welsh and his mother English ancestry. He moved to Madison county, Alabama, in childhood, had college education, studying law in Huntsville, Alabama. Represented Lawrence county in the State Constitutional convention of 1861. Elected to Confederate Congress and resigned. Appointed Judge of the Circuit Court of Alabama in 1863. Elected Governor by the Republican party in 1872 and served until 1874. Resumed law practice in Huntsville, where he lived until he died, date not given. Unmarried. Being a Republican Governor during the reconstruction period, southern history does not give a very clear record as they still cling to their Confederate ancestors with great pride and have never overcome the feeling against the Republicans.)

Of grandfather's two sisters I know but little. One of them, Rachel, married a man by the name of Johnathan Webb. He was in the war of 1812. The other sister married a man by the name of Moses Barber. One of Johnathan and Rachel (Lewis) Webb's children was my aunt by marriage, having married my mother's brother, John George. Her name was Rachel.

(Editor's Note: Johnathan Webb was among those who were the first to pay taxes in Franklin county in 1811. Was taxed for five horses.)

(Editor's Note: Records have been found of the families of three children of Johnathan and Rachel Webb as follows: Ruth

married Hugh Brison; Rachel married John George and Johnathan Jr., married Francis Alley Stacey.)

After the death of my great grandfather, Nathan Lewis and his wife, which occurred in Tennessee, my grandfather, David Lewis and family, his brother George and his family, with their two sisters, Johnathan Webb's wife and Moses Barber's wife, started to this country. That was about the year 1808 or 1809. They came a day's trail and stayed all night at Uncle John Crockett's. The next day John, Davey's brother, came with them a day's trail, stayed one night and went back the next day. That was very common in those days, for some one to go a day or so trail with persons starting to a new country.

I have heard my father tell of his father staying all night at Uncle John Crocket's, when Davey had run away from the school master and his father. He said Davy's mother thought his father was too hard on him and that they both cried while talking about it.

From Tennessee they came through the Cumberland Gap and on into this country when it was yet a territory and settled in Dearborn county, for a short time, then my grandfather came to Franklin county, Indiana, and entered land on Big Salt Creek, where he remained until his death, which occurred in 1919 or 1920. The death of grandmother occurred soon after. They are buried in the Barnes graveyard.

In Franklin county occurred the marriages of Father's brothers and sisters and from there they have scattered to different parts of the country, mostly the west.

(Editor's Note: The records of Franklin county, Indiana, show an entry from the government to David Lewis, February 23, 1814, of 360 acres of land. Nathan Lewis entered land on Salt Creek in 1814.)

(Editor's Note: In the history of Dearborn and Ohio counties, in Kelso Township, is shown a deed to part of Section 10 to George Lewis, date 1816.)

(Editor's Note: In the list of Indiana soldiers of the War of 1812, given in the Dearborn and Ohio history, may be found the names of George Lewis, Nathan Lewis and Major John Lewis.)

(Editor's Note: In the Franklin County, Indiana records of early marriages in Franklin county, "Nathan Lewis was married to Jane Trusler, September 30, 1813, by Lewis Deweesee." "John Lewis was married to Susanna Barber January 5, 1817 by Lewis Deweesee."

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Ella Fey of near Rushville, Indiana, has in her possession the original deed, which is dated October 30, 1834, by which David Lewis, Jr., conveyed to Andrew George the north half of the northeast quarter of Section 16, Township 11, Range 12, containing 80 acres of land, located in Salt Creek township, Franklin County, Indiana. The log house which was built by David Lewis is now standing. This farm is now owned by the two brothers of Mrs. Fey, William and Arthur Marlin. The farm

is located on Big Salt Creek, about six miles from Oldenburg, Indiana.

Andrew George was a brother-in-law to David Lewis, Jr. He married Nancy Adams and to them were born seven children: William, James, Hiram, Serena, Emily, Evoline and Caroline. Mrs. Fey, William and Arthur Marlin are children of Caroline.)

DAVID AND NANCY (GEORGE) LEWIS

OUR TRIP TO GRANT COUNTY

On the eleventh of November, 1834, my father and mother and five children, William G., Wessley B., Mary, James W., and Sarah J., left Franklin county, Indiana, and came to Grant county. The balance of Father's family was born in Grant county. The household goods were loaded in a two-horse wagon drawn by two bob-tailed horses, having just been brought from the east that fall. They were owned by a man by the name of Johnson. We were seven days on the road, a distance that can be traveled now in that many hours. The roads were bad and we had to travel slow as part of us would have to walk part of the time. We came by the way of Connersville and from there to Muncie. They told father the roads were so bad between there and where Wheeling now stands, that we could not get through, so we had to take the river road through Granville. It was on this road that we broke down, broke an axle to the wagon. It was about noon when it happened and we were close to a man by the name of

Wilson. A very clever man he was too; he furnished tools to make the axle and helped to make it, and would not have anything for his work. I remember he showed us an old sow that a bear had eaten a mess out of the back of her neck. The bear had made the second attack before Mr. Wilson got to kill it.

The next morning we got off pretty early as Mr. Johnson began to think it a long journey. We got to McCormick's Tavern, in Fairmount Township, Grant County, Indiana, about nine o'clock that night and the next morning was unloaded in a cabin on the McCormick farm, where we stayed three days.

(Editor's Note: This pile of rock was piled up by David G. Lewis in order to mark the spot where David Lewis Jr., and his family first arrived in Grant County. James Oliver Lewis, son of William G. Lewis, now owns the farm which contains Lake Galatia and lives less than one mile from this spot.)

After we got some wood for Mother and the children, Father and I went up to Uncle John Weston's who lived on the land where the pumping station is now located, on the old Ben Ice farm, as it is now called and Mr. Johnson started back to his home in Franklin County. Father made a contract with Uncle John to come down and haul us up to his house, with his oxen and sled, which he did the next day. That night Father and me went a coon hunting, caught three coons just north of where the Lake school now stands which was all woods then.

There was twelve of Uncle John's family and seven of us, making nineteen in all. The house was a double cabin, built on the bank of the prairie and covered but had no floors, no doors or

windows. There was a fire place cut out and we went in and out that way. They kept a log heap burning all the time and just in front of this fireplace the cooking and everything was done. My sister Sarah was a baby then, she was eleven months old. We had bed clothing and used prairie hay to sleep on. Neither family had any table so they went to work and made one out of a puncheon. Uncle and Aunt, Father and Mother and the older children would get around the puncheon table and the smaller children would get round a big pot that Mother brought here with her. They would have a good supply of venison or turkey or some other wild meat and with a piece of johny cake we would have a fine meal. Now as father and uncle made a regular business of hunting every day it always was after dark when we would eat our supper. The wolves would howl so you would think the woods was full of them. At first it would seem like the hair would raise on your head but we soon got used to it.

Well, we stayed together six weeks, and during that time I don't think there was hardly a day, except Sunday, that they missed killing something. They kept about even while they hunted together, killing deer was what they prided themselves in most. There was a few bear they killed, there was any amount of wolves, deer, wild cats, foxes, coon and mink. If they failed to kill any of these, they would kill turkeys or pheasants. Wild bees was plenty, but it being cold weather they were at a loss how to find them until Solomon Thomas, who then owned the Galation farm, as it is now called, told them to hunt for bear scratches on the trees. They did so with fine success. The first tree they cut was a poplar and stood on the land afterwards owned by Edward Duling. From that on we had all the honey we wanted. The bear would climb the trees and try to get the honey, leaving scratches on the bark of the tree.

After staying there the six weeks, we moved down to the Baldwin farm, known now as the Himelick farm, stayed about two years then moved on the McCormick farm and stayed until the winter of 1838, when we moved to the land father entered from the government.

(Editor's Note: "The Himelick" farm is located near Lake Galatia and is now owned by Harry Stockdale. Morgan O. Lewis, father of David G. Lewis was born on this farm. The Baldwin farm was owned by Charles Baldwin. He was the grandfather of L. D. Baldwin of Marion, Indiana.)

So in the summer of 1835, while living on the McCormick farm, Father tried to tend his first crop in Grant county. It was a very rainy season and no ditching, as a result there was hardly any corn raised. Finally bread stuff gave out and McCormick, Wilson and Collman was out, or so near they could not spare any more, so father and Henry Osborn (my father-in-law as he turned out to be about eighteen years later) went to Griffin's mill, north of where Gas City is now, on Walnut Creek, and wanted to buy corn of him. He wanted to know if they had any money and they told him they had, and he said they would have to go some place

else as he had two or three men that were depending on him for bread and would have to pay for it in work as they had no money. He told them there was plenty of corn on the Wabash below Lafaette, but there was no road to where it was. So my father, Uncle John Weston and Henry Osborn, and a man by the name of Thomas Osborn, hired a canoe or perogue, belonging to a man by the name of Bates, giving him fifty cents for the use of it. With a supply of such provisions as they had, they started down the river from Wilson's Ford; they were gone fourteen days. They found plenty of corn four miles below Lafayette and after getting it ground into meal and a supply of grub, started up the Wabash river to the mouth of the Mississinewa. They would push most of the time, but had a rope that they would use part of the time, by one of them wading and pulling. Father's shoulders were blistered when he got home. They would travel all day, stop at night, build a fire on the bank of the river and camp overnight, then pull out in the morning. They had to stop one day out of a rain storm, so two of the men went to a big drift and the other two went and took shelter under a big spreading top elm that stood near the bank of the river. The two that went to the drift jumped up in a hollow of a big tree that had drifted into the drift. No sooner had they seated themselves than they sprang out again, finding themselves in the midst of a rattlesnakes' den, of the big spotted kind. They went to work and killed seven of the very large ones, the rest went into the drift and got away as soon as they could. Father brought one of the rattles home with him. There was twenty-seven rattles and a button. Some of the snakes were five feet long. They finally ended their journey by landing their canoe on the bank of the river at Wilson's Ford. They had in all 28 bushels of meal. While they were gone mother kept the hoe going in our corn and us children done what we could by pulling weeds.

Henry Osborn had a man cropping with him and they were to do equal shares of the work in the crop, so his wife would do the cooking, then take the babe(which is now my wife) and her little brother, place them on a quilt in the shade, and then with the hoe would put in her time hoeing. The bargain was that if she missed a day they were to pay the cropper fifty cents. So now they all had about seven bushels of meal apiece and that done them until harvest.

This was in the summer of 1835 while we were still living on the McCormick farm.

At that time they cut their wheat, threshed it with a flail, cleaned it up with a sheet, took it to Griffin's mill on Walnut Creek and got it ground into flour. Then they put it into a bolting chest and turned a crank to get the bran out.

So time went on for about eighteen years, and this babe, the daughter of Henry and Mary Osborn turned out to be my wife, as I am nearly ten years older than she is.

CHAPTER III. THE FIRST SETTLERS

What few settlers that was here when we came were Robert McCormick, who kept a tavern a half mile south of the Wilson Ford; Solomon Thomas, who owned quite a body of land, known as the Galatia farm, Robert Wilson, who lived on the hill north of the river; the next man above him was Thomas Collman; John G. McCormick who had just sold the land that Jonesboro now stands on to Obediah Jones, who later layed out the town of Jonesboro and Jacob McCormick and John Dollman who lived on the State Road above where Jonesboro is now. This is about all that lived here then.

After leaving the river going north, it was nineteen miles to any house on the Fort Wayne road. That is where the town of Warren now stands. Going south there was no house after you left Thomas and James Montgomery's and Uncle John Weston's until you got to White River this side of Yorktown. People began to flock in and land was taken up very fast. Henry Osborn, Hopkin Richardson and Solomon Parsons entered the land owned now by Harmon Buller. Cox Parsons was Justice of the Peace at one time. Another one of the early settlers that came here in 1836 was William Leach, who was the first Justice of the Peace in the south end of the county in what was then Union Township. and at whose house the first Baptist church was organized by Abraham Buckles.

William Leach entered a lot of land aroung where the town of Fowlerton is now and his sons, Esom, John and Edward was very enterprising farmers. They cleared large farms, brought the first cook stove to the neighborhood, hauled the first wheat to Wabash, started the first store and built the first saw mill in the neighborhood. The grandchildren of many of them are the leading business men of the country at the present time.

Among the others who came were the Ices, Fred and Ben, George Mason, William Payne, Morris Payne, Lewis Harrison, the Broyles, Joseph Powers, Elijah Ward, the Readers and Franklin, William and Loami Lively who settled in around south and southwest of Fowlerton or about where it is now. Then there was Benjamin Furnish, Joseph Corn, Joseph Weston, Samuel Kennedy, James Clark and the Dulings, Edward, Thomas and Solomon; the Simons, George, Benjamin and Anson and the Todds.

These settled on or near Baren Creek from the years of 1834 to 1837. A large part of them came from southern counties in this state, vie., Franklin, Rush and Decatur. Quite a number came from Wayne county but they went on to Back Creek, being motsly Friend Quakers. There was a few lived in the neighborhood of where the Back Creek meeting house was built in 1840. All who came entered land according to the amount of money they had, from forty acres up. Land was worth $1.25 per acre and subject to sale at Fort Wayne.

Father was so dissatisfied that he put off entering his land until the winter of 1836, when he became better pleased with the country. There was a man by the name of William Parsons came

the day before Father started for Fort Wayne. He had heard Father was going to enter his land. There was a big snow on so he helped get the wood for the family, to last while Father was gone. The next day they left by crossing the river at Wilson's Ford and from there on they had the way to break. They got to the Salamonie river too late to see how to cross as it was froze over and they were afraid to undertake to cross for fear of holes in the ice, so they found a big log, cleaned the snow away and got a fire started with flint and steel and sat by it until morning. When it was light enough they crossed over on the ice and found there was a house on the bank of the river; so they got breakfast and then went on their journey, getting within a few miles of Fort Wayne when they stopped again for the night. There was several staying at the same place, among the number was a man by the name of Ward. Him and father soon struck up a conversation and found that the land they were entering must be close together but there was no way of finding out at that time. So it went on until the latter part of the winter when father was helping Uncle William Payne make sugar troughs, not knowing anyone lived near. They heard some one holler and soon Mr. Ward came up and they found out they would be neighbors, which they were as long as they lived. They were charter members of the first Methodist church that was organized in this part of the country. It was instituted at the house of Joseph Weston, there being eleven members, consisting of the following persons: Elijah B. Ward, Elizabeth Ward, Joseph Weston, Lyda Weston, David Lewis, Nancy Lewis William Payne, Celia Payne, George Crist, Martha Crist and Anna Austin. Anna Austin taught the first school ever taught in this part of the country. Elijah Ward was the first class leader at old Sugar Grove, after the class was moved from Weston's, Weston was first class leader. The class was organized by a man by the name of Posey. Rev. G. W. Bowers was the second preacher in this part of the country. There was a little meeting house on the bank of the river, just above the present town of Jonesboro. The town was not there then.

Time went on and my brother James married the daughter of Elijah Ward and still time went on until after sixty years had passed, a grandson of father, David G. Lewis married Mintie Ward the granddaughter of Elijah Ward.

The Wards, Lewis', Paynes, Broyles, Powers, Searls, Livelys, and Crists were the early supporters of the Methodist church in this part of the country, the founders have all passed away but the church is still going on. A few of the children and grandchildren and many others are following in the footsteps of their pioneer fathers and mothers, who are waiting and watching on the Other Shore.

Now there was the Baptist church, organized at the home of William Leach, and from that started the church that is known as the Harmony church, a commodius brick building standing on the pike south of Matthews. Those founders have also passed over the River but many of their children are following on.

Then the United Brethren organized a class at Carter Hastings, with Solomon Thomas, John Thomas, Isaac Anderson and their wives with Reverend William Hall and wife. From that started the church that now stands on the pike south of Fairmount. The pioneers having first built what was known as the Union meeting house. The charter members are all gone but their children are following on. Among the early members that I have omitted were John Buller and wife and John Smith and wife.

Then the Wesleyan Methodist was started at the home of Harry Davis, then a log building, now there is a nice frame building on the Range Line Road southwest of Fairmount where regular meetings are held.

I have named the four churches first started, and I have noticed that when the Lord is in at the start it will prosper.

The Quakers started their meetings on Back Creek. The Judgment day will only reveal the good that has grown out of those churches.

THE FIRST SCHOOL

The first school that was built was on the land owned at that time by Joseph Weston, now known as the John Leach farm. It was a little log building, 16x18. The logs were split and it had a dirt fireplace, a puncheon floor and clapboard roof mitered down with poles. The seats were made of split poles with legs in them. On these seats, what are called "kids" now, would have to sit. The next school was taught in the Sugar Grove meeting house, by a man by the name of Nathan O'Brian who is living yet in the town of Alexandria, Indiana. He is getting quite old. He started to teach a six months school but for some reason did not teach his time out.

The people who come into this country would find some one that was acquainted with the woods and could give numbers of the land. My father, Uncle John Weston, Solomon Thomas or James Montgomery could give the numbers of more land than any men that ever lived here. As soon as they would get the numbers of the piece of land, they would go to Fort Wayne and make the purchase. The next thing was to get a cabin raised, get their family into it and then get a piece of graund cleared off and made ready to roll. Then the settlers would come from far and near, rain or shine and roll the logs into heaps. Many a night you might see a man out at a late hour, righting up his log heaps, as he had to help his neighbor the next day to roll logs or raise a cabin. And it was not uncommon to see a mother and girls out picking trash and helping to get the plow started.

CHAPTER IV. SPRING FARMING

The first thing in the spring would be to get the potato and flax patches ready, one to feed the body and the other to clothe them. Both must be out on Good Friday if possible; the flax would be pulled and spread on the ground until it rotted or was ready to work, then it would be taken up, tied in bundles and put in the dry. There on a nice day it would be broke out with a "brake" and the woody part mashed up so that with the skutching knife and board, it would be ready for the hackle. From that to the wheel and then to the loom and from the loom to our own backs, many times not any too soon, for that part of our last year's pants where we sat would cause us to walk a little sideways if there was company about. And I will say right here, that a person with a new linen shirt on is not going to bother anyone to scratch his back. With a pair of linen pants and a shirt, a straw hat and a real nice pair of moccasins, a boy was nicely dressed for the summer. There was quite a number of the boys and some men that wore buckskin pants and they were the finest thing I ever wore to pick blackberries in. (Note by David G. Lewis: To further illustrate the buckskin pants—I remember hearing Grandmother tell of a pair that Grandfather had made for himself. In some way they were not tanned right so the first time he wore them there was a snow on the ground and when the bottoms got wet they began to stretch. Grandfather would take his hunting knife and cut a piece off of them each time they would stretch too long. When he came home they were about the right length. He hung them up by the fire that night and when he went to put them on the next morning he found they had drawn up above his knees. Grandmother greatly enjoyed the joke on him and his new buckskin pants.)

After the country began to get settlede so there were enough youngsters, they would have flax pullings. Then the boys would sidle up to their best girls and help them along with their work. Now and then some would make a party at night, but that soon went out of fashion, as the people on looking around, soon found out that it was a lower class that resorted to such amusement. Some even tried to have dances, but soon got so ashamed and quit when they found out that the devil always attended every dance that was gotten up. Let me say to those that are so far behind the times in this enlightened day and age of the world, who go to dances, to stick your fingers in your ears and stop the sound of the music and you will think you have gotten into a set of fools, just to see them hopping and skipping around over the floor. George Mason had several parties at his home but changed them to meetings and I have seen wonderful meetings at his house after having a flax pulling.

Our winters wear was made of wool with cotton or flax for chain. Nearly everybody kept a few sheep. The wool was washed and the burrs picked out, then was carded by hand, spun and wove into linsey or jeans, one suit being all you might expect to get for the winter. It would get very thin by Spring. Finally a

man by the name of John Pemberton, the father of Elihue Pemberton of Jonesboro, built a carding machine above Jonesboro and the people got their wool carded at his mill and done fine.

A potato patch was next; just as soon as the ground would do in the Spring, a big patch was planted, the ground being fresh, they soon came up and was a mighty good substitute for bread. Then as soon as the corn would do to grate we would have mush and milk.

Now came the wheat; as soon as there was enough ground cleared they would sow a patch for bread. There was no threshing machines so it had to be got out with a flail, by cleaning a place on the ground and laying six bundles down at a time and beating it out with a flail. There was no market for wheat nearer than the Ohio river and it was only worth 37½ cent to 50 cents per bushel. Hogs done well, there was no cholera and at least every other year they would get fat on the mast, so that no corn was needed for them until the bad weather set in. Then for years it was common to have venison to mix with hog meat. The deer was almost a domestic animal, though very shy until captured, then they would become tame in a little time. The young deer were easy to make pets of. The first one that I caught, after carrying it a little ways, would follow me like a little dog, and would drink milk as soon as I got it home. The faun, or young deer is very nice, being covered with red and white spots that runs in rows lengthways of the body. They remain this color from May, when dropped, until August, when the spots begin to fade and turn to a blue cast and by the time winter has set in the spots are all gone and the blue color has changed to a gray color. By spring the hair gets quite long and is called by the hunters, the long grey. It remains this way until the latter part of April or the first of May, when this grey coat begins to shed and the color is changed to that of red, remaining this color until August, when it changes again to that of blue. So it changes its color three times a year. The bucks have large horns if they live to be old; the young buck has just a single prong at one year old and two prongs at two years old. These prongs will be forked and the age of the buck may be told by the number of prongs on his horns until he is seven or eight years old. Another strange thing about a deer is the dropping of their horns every year in the month of January. They shed them off and a new set comes on in the latter part of the spring and the fore part of the summer, so that by August they have their growth. When they are growing they have a thick velvety skin that dies and is shed off along in September when the horns become dry and hard. A buck with a full set of horns is a frightful looking object and if wounded is very dangerous. The does or female deer has no horns but change their color the same as the male. They raise two fauns a year, in May and are very fond of their young.

When we came to this country Robert McCormick had a deer park on the north side of the road from where Gene Wilson now lives. It was fenced with an eleven rail fence and then staked

and ridered. He had as high as twenty-seven in it at one time and some were very large. After his death they were disposed of and the park went down.

In those days wild turkey was plentiful and it was no trick to get one most any day but they were not sought after as the deer or furred animals, as there was no sale for them. The deer, hunted for their skins and hams, the coon, the wild cat, the wolf, the fox and the otter were all hunted for profit. But as the country settled game got scarce and those that hunted most had the least in the way of grain and stock. I have omitted fish, and I might say at once they were plenty in the lake known now as Galatia Lake. It was a fine fishing place, plenty of black bass and fine perch, but a hard freeze years ago killed them all. Now in the river there was plenty of pike, salmon, red horse, suckers, bass and perch, but there was no way to get them, only with a gig or hook. The few scattering settlers thought this was too slow so they went up on the river to what was known as the long eady and built a brush drag long enough to span the river. They rolled it into the water and with grape vines and hickory bark they pulled it down to the lower end of the deep hole where they landed. Had it not been for a little accident they would have had more fish than they could have carried home. Garret Dodd and John Montgomery, father of Dennis Montgomery of Fairmount, were placed on the drag to keep it down, as they were both large men. When they attempted to land, Montgomery fell off and pushed Dodd off with him. Dodd, thinking it was done intentional, struck Montgomery with a gig, the latter reached down into the water and got a rock and threw at Dodd, knocking his hat off; by the time they got back on the drag any amount of fish ran out but they had all they wanted anyhow. My father-in-law (as he turned out to be afterwards) got a pike that he said would have been all he wanted. Of the number that was in that gang, there is not one living. They were as follows: Solomon Thomas, James Montgomery, Hopkin Richardson, Solomon Parsons, David Lewis, Henry Osborn, John Weston, Joseph Weston, Samuel Kenady, John Frankboner and Jacob Johnson. We had all the fish we wanted for quite a while.

It was very sickly for years after we came here until the country got cleared up and the ponds drained out. It was common to have chills and fever every summer and sometimes last until in the winter. The first summer we were here we all got down with the chills. I had them every other day and the rest had them every day, so Father sent me to Solomon Thomas' as he was the only doctor in those days, and he came down and decided we had the chills and told Father to get whisky and make bitters of it by putting wafer ash, snake root and wild cherry barks in it and have us drink it. We did so and in a few days our chills were all gone and we were ready to eat anything that came before us.

So one day we were all sitting in the shade of the house, lonesome and homesick too, no doubt, when Father heard a squirrel barking just outside the fence, so he took his gun and said he would

go and kill it, that it might be barking at a deer, and so it was, for just in front of him stood a nice buck and he shot it dead in its tracks and called mother and me to come help him get it to the house. We did so and it was not long until there was some of that venison on cooking. From that time on father made up for lost time, killing a very large one the next day over by the lake. Solomon Thomas and James Montgomery helped him home with it. Uncle John Weston and father killed one on the land now owned by Fred Mason. They killed a very large one the next winter over on Pipe Creek and a man by the name of Cousins and Mr. McCormick killed one on the land north of Fowlerton and owned now by the Widow Duling. Over west they would kill one every now and then.

Of the game that was here then, the wolf and the wild cat was the most destructive. The cat was very easy caught in a trap, the wolf was more sly. The last one caught in this part of the country was caught on the land now owned by Clark Leach, southeast of Fairmount. It was caught in a wolf pen by Father. Then there was the porcupine, an animal about the size of a coon, or nearly so, that was slothful in its movements and was not going to hurt anybody if let alone. But woe unto the dog that undertook to kill one, as it was covered with sharp quills that would easily stick into whatever they came in contact, the points being covered with sharp beards or barbs that caused them to work into anything they struck. But a dog soon learned to let them alone, as their defiance was their quills which were about eight inches long. It was said by some they could throw their quills, but that is a mistake, if you touched one on the body anyplace they would strike with their tail and fill whatever you touched them with full. They lived on buds and the bark of slippery elm trees. Solomon Thomas found a wolf that had got hold of one and was past going, so he killed it just south of where the Galatia school is now. The wolves killed a good many deer. Samuel Kennady watched them kill one, just below the lake. After they got it killed he drove them away and took the hide.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST POST OFFICE

The first post office this side of Marion was at the house of Robert McCormick. It was called Greenberry and was kept there until after McCormick's death, then it was moved to John Dollman's store, he having started a little store on the road three miles above where the town of Jonesboro now stands. It remained there until they started a post office at Jonesboro in 1837 or 1838. Greenberry post office was then moved to Solomon Thomas', he having sold his farm by the lake to Timothy Kelly and gone up the Fort Wayne road southeast of where the town of Fairmount now stands and known as the David L. Payne farm. He entered a lot of land at what was called the head of the prairie, built a hewed log house, in which the office was kept until the starting of "Pucker" or Fairmount. Then the office was moved there and called by that name. It is not known to many now days that a letter sent out of the state cost 25 cents and the person receiving it paid for it at the office. I remember after Grandfather George sold out in Franklin County, this state, and moved to Arkansas, he wrote back to mother and backed his letter to Greenberry post office. Mother pinned 25 cents in my vest pocket and sent me after it. I had three miles to go for it. There was a path from our house to Thomas' and in going that distance I went in sight of only three cabins. The house that the post office was kept in stood until the fall of 1903 and was taken down by David L. Payne, the present owner of the land.

It is not known to many now, that the public highway one mile south of the county line, was then the county line. The first Legislature, after we came here took a mile strip off of Madison County and gave it to the south end of Grant County.

THE FIRST GRIST MILL

One of the first public improvements in the south end of the county was a grist mill, built by Solomon Thomas. It was run by horse power and by going early in the morning and putting in a horse with Thomas' horse, you could get a grist ground out by noon. I remember one time, Morris Payne and me went to the mill and got our grinding done just before night and started home. We had to go the same path until we came within a half mile of home. A heavy rain and wind storm came up before we got to our parting place and he was afraid to let me go on alone, so when we got to Lewis Harrison's (he lived where his son Luther now lives) and was keeping "batchelors' hall," Morris left me there and went on home. He hollered to my folks across the pond or slough that was between our house and theirs and told them I would stay over night at Harrison's and come home the next morning. Now you can easily see from one place to the other.

A great change has taken place in many things, not only in the improvement of the country, but in the schools and churches. My father and mother were strict members of the Methodist

church and our house was one of the stopping places for the preachers. It was the custom of the Methodist church that every time the preacher came to meet the class, he would go to each person in the house and ask them to speak. After speaking he would give such advice as the case needed, the class leader would do the same on class meeting day. All persons not members would be requested to retire, except such persons that expected to become members or had not set in class meeting over three times. These rules have longe been done away with.

There has not only been a change in the Methodist church but a big change has taken place in the Friends or Quaker church. I remember well, when singing was not allowed in their church and they were not allowed to worship with other denominations. Many of their meetings were silent, not a word being said. I remember the first Quaker meeting I ever attended. It was at Back Creek and was some time in the forties. Father had bought some apple trees of a man by the name of Thomas Harvey, who had a nursery west of Back Creek meeting house. He had agreed to pay for them in hay harvest, so when the time came, Father sent my brother and me to do the work. We went on Sunday evening as it was quite a ways over there, as we lived in the corner of Delaware county then. Monday morning we went to work and worked till meeting day when the old gentleman came out and told his son it was time to hitch up and go to meeting. He started at once, but my brother and me kept on working, so the old gentleman said, "Boys, ain't thee going to meeting?" I told him we wanted to get in our time and he said, "Thee won't lose any time going." So we stuck down our wooden pitch forks (steel pitch forks had not come into use then) and went with the family to meeting. When we went inside my brother and me took off our hats and on looking around saw that the men all had their hats on, so we slipped ours back on our heads. Well, we set there an hour and I don't think I ever saw a set of people with as long faces in all my life. The next thing we knew they were all shaking hands and the meeting was over. At the dinner table Mr. Harvey wanted to know what we thought of the meeting and I told him I was sorry the preacher didn't come as I was anxious to hear a Quaker preacher. He said all the preachers they had for common was there but the spirit failed to move anyone to speak. What a change has taken place, now they sing, they shout and the Quaker preachers of today can wear a fine coat as well as anyone else. The preachers of those early days were ready to speak to any one they chanced to meet. I don't think they have any more silent meetings as the spirit is sure to move some one to speak and they have some very able preachers.

OUR NEW HOME

In the winter of 1838 we moved to the land father entered from the government, east of what is known as the Henry Deshon farm. He built a cabin 16x18 feet, which was a very common size. Some were 18x20 feet. His house had a plank floor sawed with a whip saw. It was built in the woods, of course, just enough tim-

ber out of the way for the house to stand on. It was not uncommon to see deer browsing on the tops of the trees that he had cut out of the way. Mother and brother James saw a bear just west of where the Leachburg school house now stands, but they failed to kill it.

There was standing on the land, five Indian camps that they had built, the summer before we came here. They were made of elm bark, peeled when the sap was up and set on edge between little poles drove in the ground and tied together with bark. They would cut around the tree close to the ground and then as high as they could reach and peel off the bark and spread it out in the sun until it got dry. It made quite a lasty camp. There was quite a bunch of camps on the land owned by Luther Harrison, also another camping place on the land that now belongs to Simon Leach and others on Pipe Creek and Back Creek. The Indians had left them, going a little farther west. There was plenty of their coon traps yet standing. They were made of poles, one on top of the other and kept in place by two stakes, one on each side of the poles. They were set with triggers and a piece of line bark for the coon to run against. I used several of them after we moved on our land.

There was a hominy motor on Luther Harrison's land, just south of where his barn now stands. I intended to save it but fire got to it, so it was burned up.

The boundary line was just west of where the town of Fairmount is now, which is now the Range Line.

The Indians were all friendly and were all dressed in Indian style and only now and then could speak our language, and that was very imperfect.

After the deer got to be scarce around here we would go out into the reserve to hunt, going to Job Davis', as his house was the last house west, and stay over night and then go to Wild Cat Creek next day. Father and some other men went out and built a brush camp by putting a pole against a tree and piling brush on it. It made a fair shelter, only in rainy weather, but many a hunter took shelter under this brush camp, where Greentown now stands.

The first Indian I ever saw was at this camp and was one of the times I went with them on one of their trips. After staying all night at Davis' we got to the camp a little after noon. After eating some dinner, Father told me to take some brush and sweep the leaves away from around the camp, for fear of fire. I was brushing away, not thinking of Indians, when on looking up—there stood a very large one just in front of me. It made me jump but the Indian smiled. The next thing was to see where Father was, he had stepped around the camp and stopped to see if his gun was all right, so I called to him to hold on a little and he looked around and saw the Indian. He was dressed in Indian style, with a big red handkerchief tied around his head, leggins that fastened into a belt around his waist, a calico shirt, a britch clout and a coat with long skirts and a pair of moccasins. His face was painted in hunting style, with red and black stripes run-

ning back from his eyes, giving him a very odd look. Father tried to talk to him and he made us understand that he was hunting some ponies. He held up one hand to show us that there was five of them. So after he went away I was ready to go with Father. We started down the creek and had not gone far when we saw two more sitting on a log, so we went up to them and found one of them could talk pretty good English. He said he had wounded a deer and wanted our dogs to catch it. We went and looked at the blood and Father told him it was not hurt much but we let them take the dogs. It done no good, as they soon came back. We then went to our camp. I had killed a turkey that morning so we hung it up before the fire and soon had it cooked in good style. The Indians ate with us. On our way back to the camp the dogs run into a gang of turkeys. The little Indian shot at one as it run but missed it. The other one flashed at it but his gun missed fire. He pointed at it and motioned for me to shoot. I did but missed too. Father always told me I was scared.

The Indians were all dressed alike. I saw the little Indian at Marion, Indiana, some thirty or forty years afterwards and told him of the circumstances and he remembered it. He was the oldest one. His name was Shap. I don't remember the other one's name. They both had flint locks on their guns. At that time the men all dressed alike, but the women wore a skirt made of calico, wrapped around them and fastened round the waist with a belt, a calico shirt and a shawl over that, a handkerchief over the head and moccasins. The babes were carried, stapped to a board and fastened on the mother's back under the shawl, until they were several months old. In riding they used a man's saddle. They appeared to be nice about their cooking. I saw old Chief Coticipan's wife getting dinner one day at his village four miles this side of Wabash, Indiana. She baked corn bread and made coffee. They had a piece of buck skin to pound their coffee in. She cleaned lettuce as particular as any white woman and they had "jerk" or dried venison and potatoes boiled with river water. I got some of the dried venison of the old chief and offered to pay him but he would not take anything for it. These customs with the Indians is a thing of the past and a full blooded Indian is hard to find.

(Editor's Note: It may be interesting to know that I have talked with the grandson of Chief Cotticippen, who goes by the name of Riley. He and his brother are in the paper hanging business in Marion, Indiana. They are sons of Jacob Cotticippen, only son of the old chief and his first wife. Their father died when they were young and their mother married Mr. Riley, so they took his name and are known as Henry S. and E. C. Riley. Their grandfather was in the Civil War five years, afterwards going to the state of Missouri, where he died.)

THE SECOND GRIST MILL

The next thing of interest to the early settlers was the building of a grist mill on Back Creek, just above where the street car

line crosses the creek at the lower end of Jonesboro. It was built by Obediah Jones, the founder of the town, in 1837 or '38, and was a fine make-shift, as it ground wheat and corn both. Thomas' horse mill only ground corn. And then Jones had a saw mill, and that was a big thing for those days. After a while Joshua and Ruben Small built a fine grist mill on Deer Creek, between Jonesboro and Marion. Then in a sort time the Wright brothers built a steam flour mill at Fairmount, so that made the milling quite easy.

Before these mills were built it was not uncommon to have to go down below Anderson, or to Conners mill, three miles below Marion, in a day's time, to get the grinding done. Griffin had a little saw mill in connection with his grist mill, but it was so far to haul the logs and hardly any roads, that people could not get there, so most of the lumber in our little settlement was sawed with a whip-saw. A log was cut and the sides hewed and the thickness you wanted the planks was lined off and then the log was hoisted on a scaffold and one man stood on top and the other underneath. In this way they would saw four or five hundred feet of lumber in a day, owing to the kind of timber. A mill was started at Fairmount by James Camack and then the Cincinnati and Chicago railroad was layed out about 1849, and the Leach brothers, Esom, John and Edmond, built a saw mill and started a store. They run them for several years and finally sold out to A. U. Suman. The railroad, which is known now as the C. & O., was a failure, the town went down and the mill was moved to Jonesboro by I. N. Miller, and the store was sold to some one else and taken away. So the town of Leachburg lay still for a number of years until the C. I. & E. railroad was built and the town of Fowlerton started, which is now quite a business place, with several glass factories, a saw mill, stores and the curse of any town, the saloon.

CHAPTER VI — FATHER'S UNCLE GEORGE LEWIS

I will now go back to 1837. Father's Uncle George Lewis had entered land over in the corner of Delaware county in what is now Washington township. He sent his sons, Benjamin and George, to build a cabin on it. They took provisions with them to last until they got the house done, as they thought, but they give out and George was started to get some more. They supposed he would have to take the path that led from their cabin to McCormick's tavern and then up the State Road to Kirkwood's, who had a little store near to where the town of Matthews now is. He got only a little distance until he heard a rooster crowing and then a cow bell ring, so he took the course and went on. The wind was from the east and after a while he came in sight of a cabin and found that a man by the name of William Knight lived there, so he got some meal, meat and coffee and got back before noon. Knight went with him and blazed the trees so they could go back and forth. It was only about a mile and a half and they lived as neighbors from that on. When they got the house done they went back to Dearborn county and moved the family out.

Those of the family that were married came also and settled close together.

(Editor's Note: George Lewis was born May 29, 1769, died December 17, 1841, aged 72 years, 6 months and 19 days. Elizabeth Lewis, his wife, was born March 7, 1781, died October 7, 1868, aged 87 years and 7 months. They are buried in the Zion Chapel cemetery in Delaware County, Indiana, and tombstones mark each of their graves.)

THE STATE ELECTION

The state election was held then on the first Monday in August and the only voting place that they knew of was at McCormick's tavern, four miles above where Jonesboro now stands. Uncle George, his two sons and son-in-law, shouldered their guns and took the path and went there and voted, notwithstanding they lived in Delaware county, a distance of ten miles or so. They voted the Democrat ticket then, but a trip to Kansas, Missouri, in 1856, caused the boys to change, but Uncle never changed. After voting they came to our house and got dinner and then started on their journey home through the thick woods. We were still living on the McCormick farm.

One day while still living there, a boy came along, going to Kirkwood's store. Father had just gone out to shoot a hawk so the boy stopped until he shot the hawk, then came up to father. He was about 14 or 15 years old, was barefooted, had on a straw hat and his pants were rolled up about half way to his knees. He was carrying three deer skins, taking them to the store to get ammunition, coffee and Dog-leg tobacco. Father asked him where he lived and he said about seven miles southwest and near the Fort Wayne road, north of where the town of Summitville now stands. He had come to Solomon Thomas' the night before and was going to the store and back there that night and on home the next day. He was then on his way to the state road. It was seven miles up the state road to the store. It was the only way, as there were no other roads then, but the Fort Wayne and Muncie State Roads. The boy's name was Sam Davis, a son of Jacob Davis, an old hunter that made his living by killing the deer and selling their hides and hams and trapping for coon and otter in the winter. He made a very good living in that way. We got well acquainted afterwards. We had some things that we don't have now. The heavy mast of oak at least every other year, so that the hogs would get good and fat and we would kill our meat out of the woods. Sometimes they would go wild and then it was quite a job to get them. We would have to bring them in after killing them in the woods, and skin them instead of scalding them.

And then we had the chanberries down by the lake so that anyone could get all they wanted for the picking. Then there was any amount of wild plums and a kind of a cherry that grew around the cranberry marsh, that was very plenty. Then the open places in the woods was full of blackberries and wild gooseberries in

abundance. So taking it all together there was pleasure as well as hardships connected with pioneer life.

MY TRIP TO CINCINNATI

My trip to Cincinnati with a drove of hogs was quite a tedious trip. Father bought up a drove of some 200 head and the Leach brothers put theirs in with them, making about 275 head in all. They were taken in on the John Himelock farm as it is now known, and weighed with steelyards, as there was no other way of weighing in those days. It took quite a while to get them all done as they could only weigh one at a time. We went the way of Richmond, Indiana, and was seventeen days on the road, it being so bad we could only trail a few miles a day. We would start early in the morning and go all day without anything to eat from breakfast, before day until supper, so you may know that we would feel like eating when the time came. The hogs sold at $2.50 per hundred net. After the Wabash and Erie canal was opened up the neighbors would bunch their hogs together and drive to Wabash and sell for about $2.00 to $2.25 per hundred, half down and the other half the first of March.

Hauling wheat to the canal was quite a business. It was done late in the fall and about twenty bushels was a load. It was not uncommon to see ten or fifteen wagons at a time on their way to market. They had camping places that they would stop at night, good or bad, they would camp out at these places, and such a time as they would have around the camp fire. With some the jug was no stranger on such occasions, but people have learned better now. They made the trip in about three days. William Leach and his three sons hauled the first from the neighborhood of where Fowlerton now stands.

WEDDINGS

A wedding in those days was quite a treat to the young and old. The neighbors would be asked in and a big dinner had to be got, the cooking all being done by the fire as there was no cook stoves. The cooks would have to have some good dry oak bark, as that would make a hot fire and good coals to bake with. The cooking for the log rollings and house raisings was all done in the same way, until cook stoves came in use. Marriages in those days was quite different to what they are now as to dress. The bride would be dressed in white with a nice cap on her head, similar to what our mothers used to wear, but they finally went out of fashion. The man would wear a black suit with white gloves. I have been marrying people for over fifty years and was it not that the records of Madison county was burned at Anderson, I would make an effort to get the number and dates of those which I performed in the three counties, Madison, Grant and Delaware. So I will drop this subject and speak of it further on.

MY FIRST SCHOOLING

In speaking of my ambition to teach school, I will say I had a

very poor chance to get an education. My mother taught me to write on the bottom of a plate with a goose quill pen and I could read pretty well before I went to school. The first history I ever read was the life of Davy Crocket. As he was a cousin to my father I took quite an interest in it and got it almost by heart. After Anna Austin taught her school, John Simons, Sr., took up a school in a little out house. I went to him and learned fast that winter and a man by the name of Nathan O'Brien took up a school at old Sugar Grove.

The next school was taught by William Kelsay, an uncle to John Kelsay. He taught a good school, and was somewhere in the years of 1848 or '49. Then the next school was taught by W. H. Reeder, the father of William and Robert Reeder. He taught in the winters of 1849 and '50. There was some public money, but not enough to pay for the schools so they would pay as far as it would go and then make up the balance. I went to both of these schools and at the last one, Mr. Reeder told me he could take me no farther and advised me to go to a higher school. So I went to Hartsville, in the south part of the state. It was a good school so I went one term, when I got a letter from one of the trustees that they had elected me to teach their school back home, the one I had been a scholar in the winter before. So as soon as the term was out I came back, but found I had no license to teach. I went to Marion, my brother-in-law, John Leach, going with me, to see what I could do. A man by the name of W. R. Pierce was the school examiner then. He told me to take a seat and told my brother-in-law to come back in about an hour and he would be through. So he commenced by asking me how I expected to govern my school. I told him I expected to keep order. He then wanted to know if I expected to use the gad. I told him I would if nothing else would do. He then handed me a book and told me to read, so I read a few words; he then handed me a goosequill pen and I wrote Marion, Grant County, Indiana. Steel pens were not in use then. He then told me to spell "shoe," and I did so. Then he had me parse some, and I told him "John" was a noun, the name of a person. He then wanted to know if I was pretty well posted in geography and I told him Washington City was the capitol of the United States and that Indianapolis was the capitol of the state of Indiana. By this time my brother-in-law had come in so he told him he "was going to license this young man to teach their school, that his looks is sufficient, if nothing else." I went home feeling that if my education was not the best, that my looks would make it up. So he gave me a twelve months license and I taught two schools on them. This was in the beginning of 1852. My license certified that I was capable to teach authography, reading, writing and arithmetic and that I was a man of good moral character. It was signed W. R. Pierce, School Examiner. As I now had my license, I had to have an article of agreement with the trustees so I went and seen them and got up an article in which I bound myself to keep good order and to teach sixty-five days, for which I was to get $30.00 in money and $15.00 in trade. So on the next Monday, January, 1852, I went

into the school as a teacher that I had left as a scholar. I got along fine with my school and am satisfied that the parents of the children taught them to obey me. There was a number of large scholars and they were all good to obey me. My next school I taught in the summer of 1852.

The Quarterly Conference of the Jonesboro circuit gave me a license to preach, and that fall I was sent to the Salamonie Mission until they could get a man to take charge of the work. After they got a man I came home and they gave me a school on the County Line in the year 1853, and I kept on teaching for eighteen years. At my second school I got $1.00 per day and so on until I got $2.25 per day. I don't think any man had the support of the neighborhood any better than I did and today I can look back over my long life and see that I have not lived out my friends. I never thought myself any smarter than anybody else but some one had to go ahead and I was dunce enough to try to do anything they wanted me to do.

I commenced teaching in the rude huts with their long poles for seats and pins in them for legs, a plank on two pins in the wall to write on, an old-fashioned fire place and pens made of goose quills, to a nice frame building with a good stove, desks, a black board and the term of school lasted five months instead of sixty-five days.

Will now give a little history of my trip to the school in the south part of the state. There was a railroad running from Indianapolis to Madison on the Ohio river and one from Bellefountaine, Ohio, to Indianapolis. George Thorn went with me. We got everything ready and had to walk to Anderson and stay all night. So at six o'clock in the morning we took the train to Indianapolis and got there all right, and got off, as we thought to give them time to take on their express goods. I told Thorn we should have stayed on the train, but he said they would back up. About that time they gave a whistle and away they went. Thorn gave a jump or two after it but could not overtake them so we went to a hotel and stayed over night. In the morning we started on our journey again. Indianapolis was a small place then and the depot was quite small, but now, instead of one road, there are many and the little depot has given place to the large Union Station that is a credit to any state.

I remember that when railroads were first talked of, that one of the governors of the state of Indiana, in his address to the Legislature, said he believed the children were then born that would live to see the time they could eat breakfast in Madison on the Ohio river and their dinner at Indianapolis. The old people thought he was going crazy, and that a man would lose his breath to be carried so fast. The thought had never entered the mind of anyone that a person would stand at the end of a wire and talk to a person hundreds of miles away, or that a communication might be sent across the ocean and answer back in eight minutes, or that you would ever travel in a car drawn by an invisible power or that the man that once followed the plow with a wooden mold board, would ride and plow with a nice steel plow, tend his crop and cut his

grain with horses or thresh his grain with steam or read the news by electric lights or that your own voice could ever be reproduced, either in word or song as natural as when the sound left your lips. But the time has come and the steam railroads and electric cars are checking the country over and the end is not yet. Well, I have seen the beginning of a great many things. I saw this country as a wilderness and I see it now with all its improvements. I remember the start of Spiritualism or the rapping of the spirits, also the start of Mormonism and the Millerite doctrine.

CLYDE W. ICE

(Editor's Note: It will be interesting to know that two grandsons of Sarah Lewis are aviators. They are Clyde Wilbur Ice, born 1889 and George Bryan Ice, born 1896, sons of John Will and Josie Ice of South Dakota. Clyde is chief pilot for the Rapid Air Lines, Inc., of Rapid City, South Dakota, and considered pretty much of a super man by the ranchers. Last winter when they were cut off from the world by banks of snow, he fitted skis to his plane and would drop down from the snow-flecked sky and halt before their homes with food and provisions for them. He is known as "Clyde the Restless Flier," and has been flying for eleven years. He recently visited us in his Eagle Rock ship and spent several days flying with relatives over territory mentioned in this history, in fact, passing over the spot where his great grandfather, David Lewis Jr., and his family first settled in Grant county, ninety-four years ago.)

CHAPTER VII

THE FALLING OF THE STARS

I remember the falling of the stars on the night of November 12th, 1833, as though it was but last night. My father and a man he had cropping with him had gone to a corn husking. We were living in Franklin county, this state. It was very common to pull their corn and throw it in a pile and then ask in the neighbors to help husk it out. They were husking under a big shed and sometime after night they happened to look out and saw the sky was full of falling stars. It would remind you of snow flakes, which looked like little lights, and so thick it made it as light as day or a bright moonlight night. My recollection is that it continued until the break of day. People were alarmed and thought the world was coming to an end. Some tried to pray, some that had been in the habit of swearing, quit, and it was the talk of the neighborhood. I give this little sketch to let the readers of this book know that such a thing did occur.

SLAVERY DAYS

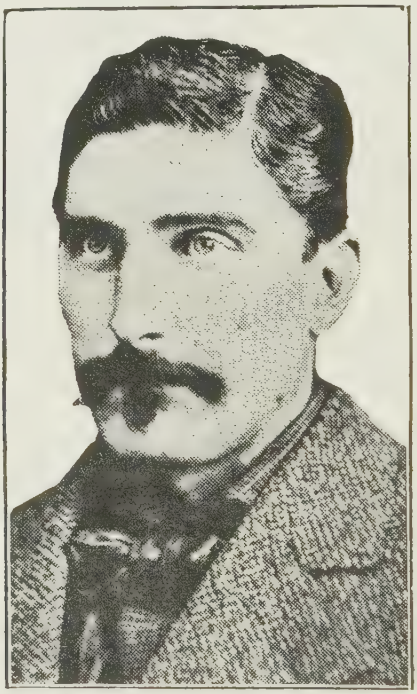
I remember when this fair country was clouded by the curse of slavery, when women and children were bought and sold like hogs and cattle. I remember well the time when our noble President, Abraham Lincoln, in 1862, issued his Emancipation Proclamation, that at a certain time if the rebellion continued, the fetters should be loosened and the slaves should be made free. The rebellion continued until the south was whipped and the cloud that hung over this fair country of ours was removed and peace and harmony retored and the slaves made free.

(Editor's Note: John S. D. Lewis, a brother of William G. Lewis served as a private in Company "H," 12th Indiana Infantry. Elias Vuncanon, a brother-in-law, his wife Evoline, being a sister to William G. Lewis, served in Company "H", 12th Indiana Infantry.)

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL

I will give a little history of the first Sunday School ever held in the south end of the county. It was at the home of Joseph Powers. The children of the little neighborhood came together with such books as they had and were taught similar to a day school. We took our spelling books and those that could read and had testaments took them and we would spend the day. It was a weak start but a much better way to spend the Sabbath than to go fishing or hunting. But the starting of that little school is still going on and today is one of the finest schools in the county, although the starters have long since passed away. A few of the children are living but the house they first met in is a thing of the past. The school that grew out of that start is now meeting in Pleasant Grove church, a nice little meeting house and an offspring of the same meets at Zion Chapel which shows that the Lord has been in the work.

The first Temperance meeting ever held in the south part of the county was held at old Sugar Grove, which stood on the corner of Father's farm, on the county line. This start was along in the year 1848 or '49 and the early fifties. It was at this meeting that I first made my effort to speak in public. This meeting caused quite a stir in the neighborhood as it was going to take the rights away from the people, the liberty that their fathers had fought and died for. But quite a number signed the pledge and the meetings was carried on until the organization of the Sons of Temperance was started. All things had to have a start and when the interest is good, it will prosper. I know of some that I think would have filled a drunkard's grave, had it not been for the start of the temperance cause in our neighborhood. Now the Temperance organizations have gone into the Prohibition party. I don't know hether it is for the best or not as it is going to take some longe prayers to bring about a universal temperance reform. Then the use of tobacco is a useless practice that men and women fall into, that is not only filthy but injurious to the health. People would be much better off to let it alone.



CAPTAIN DAVID L. PAYNE

(Editor's Note: Captain David L. Payne, who was known as the "Father of Oklahoma," a first cousin of William G. Lewis, served as Private, Company "F," Tenth Kansas Infantry; Company "G" Eighth Regiment Western Volunteer Infantry; Captain

Company "D", Eighteenth Kansas Cavalry. He was the son of William and Celia (Lewis) Payne, who lived about four miles east of Fairmount. Celia Lewis was a sister of David Lewis, Jr.)

After the abolition of slavery and people got to looking around, they saw that slavery still existed as men were slaves to the liquor habit. They will buy the poison according to law, go home and abuse their family, drive their children from home and make brutes of themselves. It is to be hoped that the time may not be far off when this curse may be driven from our country.

ELECTED JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

In 1860 I was elected Justice of the Peace for Fairmount township and served eight years. I also served as pension agent during the latter part of my office.

I had a little attack of political fever once and accepted a place on the county ticket for representative as a greenbacker and would have been elected if I had gotten votes enough, but a good dose of defeat cooled the fever and I have had no return since. I voted for J. C. Freemont in 1856 and for McKinley in 1900.

The most noted events in my life was my conversion to Christianity and my marriage. I was raised by religious parents but like many other young men it took me until I was in my twenty-fourth year before my wild oats was sowed and I now look back and almost shudder to think that my return was put off so long. In the summer of 1851 there was a camp meeting held on the state road above Jonesboro and known as Bethel Camp Ground, there being a meeting house there also. On the second Tuesday night in August, 1851, I was converted and united with the M. E. church and I then and there started on my Christian journey. After having been on the road so long, I can look back and see many mistakes that I have made, so many places I could have done more for the Savior than I did. But during all my ups and downs I can truthfully say that I never lost sight of the dear Savior and today at the advanced age of seventy-six years, my sun has nearly set and I am ready.

Soon after uniting with the church I was put in as assistant class leader under old Father Elijah Ward and served as best I could during this year. At a quarterly meeting, held at Bethel church, I was licensed to preach as a local preacher. I served in this capacity until the meetings at old Sugar Grove went down, the members dying off and a class being organized at Zion church in the corner of Delaware lounty so weakened the old class that the preaching was discontinued. I afterwards united with the M. P. church at Grant school house near the present meeting house, known now as Pleasant Grove Methodist Protestant church. This is an offspring of old Sugar Grove M. E. church.

My father was the first man spoken to in regards to starting Methodism in the south end of the county. I remember the looks of the man as though it was but yesterday. He was a large red-faced man and I think he came from Jay county, as I see in the Jay county history where a man by that name, Wade Posey, had married some one up there in pioneer days. As I was a

licensed preacher I was soon called on to marry people and in the spring of 1853 I married my first couple, who were married at the house of Mr. Robbs in Madison county, Indiana. The contracting parties was James Johnson and Emily Mott. Had I thought of continuing so long I would have kept the day and date of all the marriages but little did I think of continuing over fifty years.

THE QUAKER QUARTERLY MEETINGS

The Quaker Quarterly Meetings, of the Friend Quakers was one of the most noted meetings of the year, not only with the Friends but those of other denominations, and was so for a number of years. The people would come from far and near so that the house would not hold them. It was not uncommon to see preachers up in wagons or under shade trees proclaiming the Word of Truth to the Saint and sinner. It was almost equal to the Fairmount fair of today. But the meetings has been moved to Fairmount and the old Back Creek meeting house has been taken down and a new one has taken its place. I think the old house was built in 1840 and I think the size was 40x80 feet. The land on which it stood was donated by Axum Newby and the ground for the grave yard was donated by Daniel Winslow.

The early settlers along the creek were the Winslows, Baldwins, Hills, Newbys, Harveys, Hopkin Richardson, Solomon Parsons, the Wilsons and Rush's and Henry Osborn. Nathan Morris was a very able minister in the Friends church.

Then there was the colored people out west, at what is now called Weaver and is quite a settlement. They would hold camp meetings there and have a big time. Among their preachers was Reverend David Wilson and Benjamin Shepworth.

The Methodists built a camp ground above Jonesboro where camp meetings was held for years, then it was moved to Lick Creek, up in the edge of Blackford county and from there it was moved to Cumberland where they were held for many years. The tents or camps were built of poles or rough plank, large enough for the family. The cooking was done by a fire, which was back of the tent. Finally people got to taking their cook stoves with them to do their cooking. There was much good done at these meetings, but the order got so bad they were finally dropped.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW OUR SUGAR WAS MADE

To go back to those early days, nearly everybody made their own sugar. There was but a few pieces of land after you got south of Barren Creek, but what had plenty of sugar trees on them and all the sugar you wanted could be made from them. The sugar making was somewhat amusing, though there was lots of labor about it. In the first place you had to prepare troughs, they were dug out of some kind of soft timber about two or two and a half feet long. The tree was tapped either by boring with an augur or cutting a notch with an axe. The water was run to the trough by a spile made out of an elder. Then there had to be a big trough that was called a store trough and would hold a lot of water. The water was hauled to the camp in a barrel and put in this big store trough. When there was a good run of water the kettle was kept running day and night and the water was boiled down to sugar or syrup. How well those that have made sugar, remember the time. The camp would be located in the thickest part of the trees and very often so close to some old beach tree or other old tree that was the den of squirrels and at night or about sundown they would be coming to their dens. I have counted as high as seven going into one hole. Then the hoot of the owl or the gobble of the turkey or the beating of the pheasant all belonged to sugar making days. But they have all passed away and people buy their sugar now.

HAY MAKING TIME

The early settlers cut their hay in the wet prairies as they were covered with nice grass about as high as a man's waist. You could go in and cut all you wanted and let it cure and then go in and haul it out on a sled with one horse and stack it or rick it up then put a pole fence around it and you were all right. But you would have to be on the watch for rattle snakes as they were plenty. I remember the first day that Uncle John Weston cut grass. They cut until noon and then in the afternoon killed twenty-seven rattle snakes. They were the little black kind. People kept on the look out for them all the time, but the snakes, like everything else are a thing of the past. There was a water fowl here then that was called a thunder pumper. They would stick their bills down in the water and make a noise like distant thunder. They were about the size of the blue crane. They have all gone long ago. Then there was the wild pigeons. They were here by the thousands. I have seen them in such gangs that the sky would be darkened with them. They were bad on young corn, just coming up, or on wheat. They are also gone long ago. Then there was the pheasant that was so plenty, and in the morning when listening for the cow bell, you could hardly tell which way it was for the noise they made. Everybody had bells on one or more of their cows. It was very common to take the harness off the horse after plowing him all day and hang it on the plow, put a bell

on him and turn him out for the night and then you could find him in the morning, by the sound of the bell. That is a thing of the past.

GRAY SQUIRRELS

It will be strange to the people now to know that the grey squirrels was so bad on the corn and other grain that parties who had no guns would hire men to shoot for them. My father got fifty cents a day and board, and ammunition found. He would put in his time as faithfully as he would if he were splitting rails or clearing ground or any farm labor. Then they would make up squirrel drives. Two men would choose the gunners, so many on a side, say ten or fifteen, and then they would choose a driver, but he was to have no gun, but they would not always stick to that. I was chosen every time and I would choose Uncle Lewis Harrison for my driver. He was a good shot using a flint lock gun. He would drop down on one knee and the squirrel was very apt to fall. He was the father of Luther Harrison and Mrs. Henry Deshon. The first day we killed eighty-seven or what was equal to that many. Crows, owls and hawks each counted as five squirrels. The second day we did not do so well as the wind raised and the game did not stir very much. After hunting two days we met and two disinterested men counted the scalps. I was on the winning side every time. The fox squirrels came in long afterwards but were not so plentiful and were more shy than the grey squirrel.

Black birds were very numerous and were destructive to grain, wheat and oats suffering most. The farmers used to make what they called a horse fiddle. It turned with a crank and made a noise that could be heard quite a distance. We would take this rattle trap and go around the fields several times a day to scare the intruders away. Wild Turkeys were very plentiful and bad on the corn. Sometimes you could see thirty or forty in a corn field. The hunters would build a pen and dig a trench for them to go in, cover the top over and bait the trench. When Mr. Turkey would get inside he did not know how to get out so a great many were caught in this way. I heard father say he caught nine at one time. The coon in the fall was very bad on the corn. They would tear down the corn almost like a gang of hogs. It was quite a business to hunt coon at night, not only to keep them from destroying the corn but also for their hides as a source of profit. The corn patch had to be watched carefully, not only from fowls and animals but to see where there was roasting ears also when it would do to grate. Many would be the time we would have to grate meal for breakfast or for mush for supper when we had no roasting potatoes.

THE INDIAN CANOE

I will now describe an Indian canoe. Instead of digging them out of a poplar they would peel the bark off a pig-nut hickory tree by girdling it around close to the ground and again some twelve or fifteen feet above, splitting the bark and peeling it off. Then

taking off the rough bark and tieing tightly at the ends and putting sticks across to keep it straight. They will glide over the water nicely. Father and me had one to use in crossing Little river up above Huntington in Huntington county while trapping for otter. It was a very handy water craft. The Indians had left it at their camp. They used it to cross the river. On the trip we caught ten otter besides a number of muskrats, coon and a few mink. We got $8.50 apiece for the otter.

Fire hunting was a very common way of hunting in those days. Father would get some one to go with him to row the boat or canoe. A beeswax candle was placed in the front of the canoe and a blind behind the light, to hide the hunter, the canoe being guided by a second man. In this way they could get close to the game. This kind of hunting was done in warm weather. A great many deer was killed in this way. A deer would come to the water to feed and keep out of the mosquitos. While we lived on the river, Father and the man to guide the canoe, would start from Wilson's Ford in the evening and go up the river as far as they wanted to hunt. They would also kill some very fine fish, mostly pike, and it was not uncommon to get one three or four feet long. They would go out in the shallow water and were easy to get with the gun or gig.

MY FIRST START IN BUSINESS

One of my first starts in business was to build a shoe shop in the corner of Father's yard. We were on the Delaware county farm then. It was the custom in those days for people to go to the tan yard and buy leather and take it to the shoe maker and have the family shoes made. Shoe making was quite a business then as the men all wore boots. They had to on account of the water. There was no ditching and there was so much out of doors work to do. Tan yards was common; there was one at the north of McCormick's branch, where it emptied into the river. It was run by a man by the name of Weesner and people could take their deer hides and change them for leather or if they had cow hide they could get it tanned on the shares or sell it for leather. There was a tan yard at all the little towns.

So for a number of years I was engaged in making boots and shoes for the neighborhood in which I resided. This, with my farming activities, also being a licensed minister, kept me a busy man for most of my entire life.

THE TOWN OF NEW CUMBERLAND

The town of New Cumberland was layed out some time between 1838 and 1840, on the river near where the town of Matthews is now. It was layed out by William Sanders and Jacob Newberger, a Jew. He had started to peddle through from Cincinnati to Wabash, getting as far as Cases Tavern. The roads got so bad he had to stop, it being in the winter, so he put up his goods in a little room to stay until spring. When spring came he went down on the river bank and built a store where he lived until

his death. He became quite wealthy. It was the first store there and his sons are selling goods in the same building although it has had many additions to it.

JONESBORO'S FIRST STORES

Among the first stores in Jonesboro was one kept by John Benbow. He sold free labor goods altogether, being opposed to slave labor. The next store started was by Thomas Jay, in a small room owned by Dr. Spence. He had but a few goods at the start, but gradually gained until he carried on a big business and finally sold out and went to Kokomo, Indiana, and went into business under the firm name of Jay, Russell and Dalmon, where they conducted a large business.

The next successful business man was Solomon Dailey, with a small start he so managed his business that in a few years he became one of the leading business men in Jonesboro.

It is strange to think of the merchants hauling their goods from Cincinnati, Richmond or Dayton, in wagons and finally they were hauled by the car load after the Bellefontaine railroad was built to Anderson.

THE TOWN OF FAIRMOUNT

The town of Fairmount was layed off by David Standfield, in the year 1850. Joseph Baldwin started the first store, on the corner where the Borie Block now stands and the Lyons and Kaufmans and George Doyle were among the first merchants of the town.

Dr. Philip Patterson was the first doctor. He was the father of Dr. Joseph Patterson, now one of the leading doctors of the town at the present time.

From that little start it has grown to its present size. There has been so many changes, in fact so much so that it don't seem like living in the same country. To think of such a heavy growth of timber, that it formed a wind break everywhere except in the wet prairies, that was then covered with a thick heavy coat of grass, and now to see this timber taken away and the wet land drained out and made the most productive land that we have and in place of ponds and sloughs, with their snakes and frogs, we have nice farms with houses and barns on them, the country checked up with roads and railroads and street car lines. The old fashioned way of buggy riding and horse back riding has given way to the fine buggies and carriages and the auto, so now that instead of the boy having to take his best girl up behind him on a horse, he can take her in his fine buggy and go a "kiting."

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY

My mother's maiden name was George, Nancy George. She was the daughter of William and Mary (Bolin) George. They were of Welsh extraction and moved from Virginia to Indiana territory in the year 1808 or '09, settled on White river in Franklin county for a short time, then entered land, where the town of

Oldenburg now stands. He sold out to the first German that ever came to Franklin county and who later laid out the town. Grandfather had built a hewed log house on the land and it was used to start a Catholic church. Now they have a big church there with schools and everything that belongs to their church.

Grandfather served in the Virginia State Militia, and the War of 1812 and had many encounters with the Indians. There was but few men that could beat him shooting with a rifle. It used to make the hair raise on my head to hear him relate the many encounters that he had with the Indians. He was many times sent out as a spy and on these occasions run some very narrow risks.

(Editor's Note: The records of the War Department of Washington, D. C., give the following: "One William George 2nd, (name not otherwise borne) served in the war of 1812 as private in Captain William T. Huff's Company of Militia, 7th Regiment Indiana Territory, also designated as Colonel McFarland's Detachment, Indiana Militia. His service commenced March 13, 1813, and ended June 17, 1813." This proves that his father's name was William 1st. Among the first who paid taxes in 1811 in Franklin County, Indiana, the record gives the following: "William George, Sr., three horses"; "William George, Jr., one horse"; "Benjamin George, one horse.")

After selling out in Franklin county, he moved to Arkansas, which was about 1841 or '42, and settled in Conway county, where he ended his days, in the year of 1845 or '46.

He was buried by the Masonic Order about forty miles south of Little Rock.

My grandmother's maiden name was Bolin. She had one brother, William Bolin, who also served in the War of 1812. I have heard them tell, how they would go to the cane breaks in the coves of the mountains with their young stock, find a good place to winter it and while the stock would be getting used to the place they would stay and kill their winter meat. Buffalo and bear was plenty so they would kill all they wanted and load the meat and hides on horses. They used the same kind of pack saddles that were used in the army. They are a thing of the past and were a very strange kind of saddle. One man would manage four or five horses and would drive one before the other.

In the springtime they would go and bring their stock home again. Grandfather had one brother, Benjamin George, but I know nothing of his family. Grandfather was a first cousin to Daniel Boone. There were many times they served as spies.

(Editor's Note: I have been unable to trace the relationship of the Boone and George families, but am of the opinion they are connected through the Morgans. The Boone history gives the following: "Daniel Boone's maternal grandfather was Edward Morgan of near Bala county, Merionshire, Wales. It is probably his wife's name was Elizabeth. His children were Morgan, Wil-

liam, Elizabeth, Daniel, Margaret, John, Joseph and Sarah, the latter born in 1700." An old record of the Gwyneld Meeting says that Sarah Morgan Boone was a "sister to the father of Colonel Daniel Morgan of the Revolution Rifle Men" known to fame as General Daniel Morgan of the Virginia Line.) (Editor's Note: Mrs. Ella Fey of Rushville, Indiana, has the George family Bible which gives the record of the births of William George II, and wife. William George (II), born February 15, 1771, Mary (Bolin) George, born April 10, 1773.) (Editor's Note: In the Virginia census of 1790, under "Heads of the family 1783-1786" in Greenbriar county one name of William George is given, which I believe is our ancestor William George I.)

Grandfather and grandmother had ten children, six sons and four daughters. Of their families I know but little, as they scattered to different parts of the country, from Franklin county, mostly to the south and west. Aunt Mary was living in Arkansas long since the war and may be living now, although she is very old if she is. The children of grandfather George are as follows: Solomon, born October 17, 1794; Elizabeth, born February 12, 1796, married William Adams; Andrew, born March 20, 1799, married Nancy Adams; John, born in 1802, married Rachel Webb; Nancy, born July 5, 1804, married David Lewis, Jr.; Hiram, born December 6, 1806, married a Fitspatric; Sarah, born May 11, 1809, married David Collier; William (III), born February 16, 1812, married Fitspatric; James, born May 16, 1815, married Nancy Davis; Mary, born July 30, 1819, married Shadric Jones.

In presenting this little book to my children, grandchildren, neices, nephews and relation, I want it understood that it is not to boast or brag of anything that I have done and only regret that many times I might have done things that would have been a credit to myself and the community in which I lived. And to those who may chance to read this little book will say, it is only to keep in memory the things of the past and the origin of our race that the babe of today may read fifty years from now of their pioneer relatives.

WILLIAM G. LEWIS.

His favorite songs:

"I've Anchored My Soul in the Haven of Rest.

Vale of Beulah.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

His Signature.

HISTORY OF THE GEORGE FAMILY

BY

O. C. GEORGE

OF

CANONSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

This branch of the George family originally came from Wales, some time preceeding the Revolutionary War, to the State of Virginia. The exact time is not known, but from tradition it is believed that the year of 1750 approximately marks the time of their coming to this country.

It has been handed down to us in an oral manner, that among the first Georges in Virginia were soldiers in the above war. This information was given to my father by Andrew George, who was born in Virginia, March 20, 1799, the same being a son of William George (II). More definite history of this family is not obtainable until we come to William George (II), he being born in Washingtonton county, Virginia, February 15, 1771.

Washington county was formed in 1776, and during the whole of the revlution and up to 1786, embraced within its limits, all southwestern Virginia, southwest of the Montgomery line. It included parts of Grayson, Wythe and Tazewell, all of Smyth, Scott Russell and Lee with its present limits. We find in the Washington county records at Abingdon, that William George (II) entered a tract of land, lying on both sides of the Boone Path and extending back towards the Holston River. This was in the year of 1794. In 1802 he sold this land. In 1800 he was appointed one of three commissioners to lay off the land for the public buildings of Tazewell, the county seat of Tazewell county, Virginia. During the latter part of the same year he was appointed one of the two coroners of this county by the Governor of Virginia. Possessing an adventurous turn of mind and longing for the forest solitudes of the wilderness, he, taking his family, left the state of Virginia in 1809 and located in the territory of Indiana, near what is now Metamora, in Franklin County. It may be interesting to note that this journey was partially made over the "Boone Path" or the "Winderness Road," that once was the only beaten path to Kentucky and to adjoining territory, both to the north and to the west, and ranks as one of the greatest of pioneer roads in the country. It is estimated that more than sixty thousand people passed over this bridle path into Kentucky between the years 1794 to 1800. This path extended from the "Blockhouse" located on the Watauka river in North Carolina, to East Tennessee, on through Mocassin Gap near Gate City, Virginia, thence to Powells Valley, Cumberland Gap, Pinesville, Kentucky and ending at Boonesboro, a total distance of about two hundred miles from the Blockhouse.

In a letter by Daniel Boone to Governor Shelby of Kentucky, he said, "I first marked out that road in March, 1775." When the writer in 1925 was on the "high-swung gateway of Cumber-

land Gap" he was reminded of what James Lane Allen writes of this place. It has witnessed "the wild rush and whoop of retreating and pursuing tribes; the slow steps of watchful pioneers; the wail of dying children and the songs of homeless women; the muffled tread of routed and broken armies—all the sounds of surprise and delight, victory and defeat, hunger and pain, and weariness and despair that the human heart can utter."

Coming back to the journey of William George (II) and family from Virginia, to Indiana, we are told that all rode horseback, the parents each carrying a rifle across their saddles. The animal his wife rode was a black stallion. As to the number in this company we are not fully informed, "but there were at least two of the George brothers," and six or seven of William's children, besides his wife and possibly one or more other men.

There was one, James Hobbs, who entered some land in the neighborhood of Metamora, Indiana, in 1812, who was undoubtedly one of this company. As far as the writer is informed, the ancestry of all of the Hobbs family in Indiana came from near Jonesville, Virginia. The route taken by above company was as follows: Starting in Tazewell County, Virginia, thence to Jonesvill, through Cumberland Gap, then north by the way of Pineville, Barbourville, London, Boonesboro, Blue Licks, and Maysville. At the latter place, they crossed the Ohio river on a fery boat, thence down the north bank of this river to Cincinnati, Ohio, thence northwest to Metamora, Indiana, a total distance of approximately 325 miles.

We are not aware of the time required to make this journey, but under the circumstances existing at that period probably three to four weeks or longer were necessary in time to cover this distance.

It must be borne in mind that the condition of these paths, with its many streams to be forded, the steep banks, dift wood, boggy lands, fallen timber, cane breaks and torturous climbing over stony hills and mountains, found at this period, made traveling, not only slow and uncertain, but extremely dangerous at times.

The writer, in August, 1925, was informed by Mr. D. C. Hobbs now deceased, who lived on Route 4, Tipton county, Indiana, that he was born east of Jonesville, Virginia, near Powells River, on December 9, 1831, and that he came to Tipton County, Indiana, in 1853. (Almost one half century later than William George (II). Mr. Hobbs further stated that he rode hose back from Jonesville, Virginia, to Tipton county, Indiana, in fourteen days, a distance he estimated to be 400 miles. He considered this as very good time, and that it was due to having fine weather, traveling early morn until late in the evening and riding a splendid saddle horse. Mr. Hobbs gave the writer the route over which he traveled in 1853. This in the main corresponded with that taken by William George (II) in 1809.

It might be well to state here that in considering the great age of Mr. Hobbs (almost 94 years of age) that he having all

of his natural faculties, except slightly deaf in one ear, made him a most remarkable person. The narrative of Mr. Hobb's journey from south west Virginia to the north central part of Indiana, is very interesting, and is here given to enable one to arrive at an approximate time required by William George (II) to make his journey from southwest Virginia, to the southeastern part of Indiana. Any statements ever made by Mr. Hobbs were regarded by those who knew him, as entirely trustworthy and dependable even to the smallest detail. It should also be stated here that all main details noted above, concerning the trip of William George (II) from Virginia to Indiana are those given to my father by his grandfather, Andrew George, who at the time this trip was made was ten years of age.

(Editor's Note: This also was the route taken by David Lewis, Sr., and his family, when they left Tennessee for Indiana territory.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF TAZEWELL COUNTY AND SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA

By William C. Pendleton

"William George, James Witten and John Crockett, commissioners, had laid off and circumscribed two acres for the public buildings, one acre on the north side and one acre on the south side of the present Main Street of the town of Tazewell. On the motion of William George for leave to keep an Ordinary at Tazewell Court House for the term of one year, it is ordered that he have leave to keep said Ordinary, whereupon he, together with George Peery, his security, entered into and acknowledged their hand according to law. When the court convened for the December 1800 term, William George and James Peery produced commissions from His Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, appointing them coroners for Tazewell County."

(Editor's Note: The John Crockett mentioned is not of David Crockett's family, although they were related, it is said. He married Polly Peery in 1802. Was elected Clerk of Tazewell County in 1804. James Peery, Jr., bought the homestead of William George II, in 1808, on which was one of the first three cabins built in Tazewell County.)

NOTES FROM THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, YEAR 1807

"The first settler in Ray Township of which well-defined traditions afford positive information, was William George. He settled on the east half of the southwest quarter of Section 4, Township 10, Range 12. This is the present site of Oldenburg. "There was at least two of the George brothers who made improvements in that part of the township. William George built a cabin on his land and improved it some; this was in 1817."

"Edward Waechter, well known as a member of the Board of County Commissioners, was another very early settler; he was a wheel-wright by trade and emigrated from Germany in 1838. After stopping in Cincinnati for two years he became interested in the new colony and settled there in 1840, his residence being the cabin built by William George several years before.

"Previous to 1811 the territory in which Metamora now lies, was forbidden to the white man, and was occupied by Indians only, with an occasional white trader or hunter. As soon as the lands came into market, they were rapidly taken and actual settlements began. Among the first lands that were taken were the following names: William Adams, 1814; William George, 1812. Andrew George entered land in 1832 in Ray Township."

WARD-EASTES FAMILY HISTORIES

By Mrs. Mintie Ward Lewis

The following Ward history was given me by Aunt Isabel Ward Lewis, wife of James W. Lewis. Elijah Ward, my grandfather, son of Leven and Priscilla (Price) Ward of Mockville, Davis County, North Carolina, was born March 15, 1803. On March 6, 1823, he was married to Elizabeth Smith Austin, born August 28, 1801, daughter of Reverend Samuel Austin, Methodist minister, born 1769, and Anna Austin, his wife. To them were born ten children: Lewis S., born July 19, 1825, married Rebecca Shields, parents of William F. Ward. Francis T., born December 25, 1827, married Sarah M. Wilkason; Daniel S., born November 5, 1829, married Mahala Morland; Priscilla Anne, born September 24, 1830, married Thomas M. Tribby; Mariah Jane., born July 20, 1832, married Abner Eaton; Rebecca C., and Isabelle M., twins, born September 3, 1834, married Joseph F. Brewer and James W. Lewis; Austin P., born June 9, 1837, married Lucinda A. Eastes; Elizabeth, born April 11, 1839, died when young; Mary M., born in 1843, died when young.

Elijah B. and Elizabeth Ward came to Indiana about 1833 and settled in Rush County near Knightstown, now known as Henry County and later moved on Kilbuck Creek near Anderson. In 1837 he went to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he first met David Lewis, and entered land in Grant County on the county line, three and a half miles southeast of Fairmount, Indiana. Later he moved his family from Kilbuck Creek to this home in the dense forest. They lived in an open faced camp until their cabin was built. The camp was made by posts being put in by a big board tree that had been cut down. It was inclosed on three sides with a board roof sloping back to the board tree. There family consisted of seven children. This was in February, 1837. The following June my father, Austin P. Ward, was born.

The first night they lived in the camp a heavy snow fell, covering the timber and upon arising the next morning my grandmother exclaimed, "if Heaven is more beautiful than this, I want to go there." In two weeks they had a double cabin, which was raised, built and covered in one day. Grandfather and Grandmather Ward lived on the land which they entered until her death which occurred about 1863; his death occurred about ten years later.

In 1828 Uncle David Naylor Austin (Grandmother Ward's brother) came from North Carolina to Fayette County, Indiana. In 1834 he entered land two miles north and one mile west of Alexandria, Madison County, Indiana. They moved into a cabin and used a blanket for a door until one could be made, and kept a fire burning outside to scare the wild animals away. A tribe of Indians were their neighbors. Aunt Wilkie would stay alone with her four little ones while Uncle David would go to Perkinsville for flour and meal, mostly meal. She would put the two youngest children on a big stump with the oldest child to care

for them while she piled brush and chunks to help clear the land. One evening while Uncle David was doing his evening's work he heard the ring of an ax off to the south and west. He told Aunt Wilkie he would go and see who it was. Going only a short distance, less than a quarter of a mile through the dense forest he came in sight of the man with the ax, near his wagon and campfire, around which sat his wife and children. The scene was beautiful to him as it was Peter Eaton, one of his old neighbors from North Carolina. When he called his name it surprised Mr. Eaton like a voice from the other world as he had no idea he was near any one, much less an old friend. Uncle David returned home to bear the glad news to Aunt Wilkie, so, taking their tin lantern with a candle in it to light the way, they all went back through the woods for a visit and to hear from their loved ones who were in North Carolina. Mr. Eaton had brought letters with him from their friends and relatives hoping that some time he might find them.

Uncle David and Aunt Wilkie never moved from the land they cleared. They were also pioneer members of the M. E. church near their home. Her death occurred about 1870, Uncle David having passed away some time before. They are buried in the Austin cemetery, Madison County, Indiana.

(Editor's Note: The church mentioned above was known as Mt. Tabor and the Austin cemetery adjoining is now known as the Starr cemetery.)

My mother, Lucinda A. Eastes, was the oldest daughter of Holman and Ruth Webb Eastes. Their children were as follows: Lemuel F., born 1838, married first, Rebecca Cunningham; second, Jane Potts. Adison E., born 1839, died when young; Lucinda A., born 1841, married Austin P. Ward; William T., born 1844, married Sarah Zedaker; Sarah J., born 1847, married Albert Kelsay; Jasper N., born 1848, died when young; Marshal T., born 1850, married Jane Morris; Albert, born 1852, died when young; Ameridith P., born 1854, married Florence Jackson; Jessie E., born 1856, married William F. Ward; Jerome S., born 1861, died when young.

It may be interesting to know that these children were the great grandchildren of Johnathan and Rachel (Lewis) Webb. Their son, Johnathan Jr., married Francis Alley Stacy (widow of Mr. Stacy and mother of one child, Mary) about 1818. Ruth, their only child, was born in Rush County, Indiana, in 1819, her father dying a short time before her birth. Her mother was a widow twice at the age of 20 years. After eight years she married Thomas Lakin and to them were born four children: Simeon, Sarah, Caroline and James of Rush County, Indiana. Ruth Webb married Holman Eastes, December 22, 1836. Johnathan Webb, Jr., had two sisters, Rachel and Ruth. Rachel married John George, son of William George II, and Ruth married Hugh Brison of Virginia.

Holman Eastes was the youngest son of Obediah, born 1763,

and Francis (Harvey) Eastes, born 1774, who were married February 9, 1792. Obediah was one of five brothers who came from England. His mother, Mrs. Brown Eastes, and his wife's mother, Francis Harvey, wife of Philip Harvey, each took grants of land under King Charles II. This was in Carolina which was named complimentary to the king. At one time Obediah was employed as a slave driver but was too kind to them so lost his position. He owned some slaves of his own at this time, so when he and his two brothers Abram and William decided to come to kentucky he set them free before leaving. His two other brothers remained in Carolina, later one went to Massachusetts. They started for Crab Orchard, Kentucky, which was the first white settlement in Kentucky and where only seven years before the Indians massacred all but one man of seven families which were a part of a caravan of 200 wagons which had stopped to camp for the night.

At this time Obediah and Francis Eastes had three children. The trip was made on pack horses and the two youngest children were put in a sack, one in each end and laid across the horse's back and handkerchiefs tied over their mouths for fear the Indians would hear their crying. The oldest child, Jane, walked a part of the way. They followed the mountain path into Kentucky and stayed one year, then came on to the Indiana Territory in 1799 and bought four or five hundred acres of land, which had previously been entered in Buck Creek Township. There Holman Eastess was born. They first spelled their name Estes (or Esteze in German) but when they bought their land an Irish school teacher told them the proper way to spell it was Eastes so their deeds were made that way.

Their children were Jane, born 1793; Philamon, born 1795; John, born 1798; Sarah, born 1800; Dinah, born 1803; Landon, born 1805; Lucinda, 1808; Permelia, 1811; James Patterson and William Maderson, twins, born 1814, and Holman, born 1817. Holman and his wife took care of his father Obediah in his declining years. Later they moved near Summitville, Madison County, Indiana.

They were pioneer members of the Methodist church, he being class leader at Morris Chapel north of Marion in Huntington County, Indiana, at the time of his death. A monument marks their resting place in the I. O. O. F. cemetery at Marion, Indiana.

HISTORY OF HUGH AND RUTH WEBB BRISON

Given by Mrs. Jennie Ailes Crawford and Her Sister Emma.

Ruth Webb married Hugh Brison at the age of 17 years, and started with him from old Virginia with a small amount of clothes tied up in a bundle, and some bear skins to ride on. They both rode one horse when the roads were good and when rough she would ride and he walked and led the horse. They were several days on the road. At night they made their bed of leaves and had the skins for covering. They came to some friends in White Water Valley and in a short time Hugh, with some other men built the White Water Valley Fort, near the site of Old Gap school house between Laurel and Metamora in Franklin County, Indiana. In this fort the two oldest children, Virginia and Hiram were born. Virginia, the eldest, born 1813, married David Weston, a brother of John Weston, who married Nellie Lewis.

Great Grandfather Hugh Brison was a great Indian fighter but he did so many good deeds among them that they both loved and feared him. Our great grandmother, Ruth Webb Brison, used to tell us how the big buck Indians would come to their cabin and stand and look down at her baby in its cradle and say "Dam Blice." That is what they called great grandfather Brison. Sometimes they would kick the ashes and coals out of the fire place and dance in it with their bare feet and almost scare her to death, but when she would go to the door and call to grandfather, they would all run for the timber as fast as they could go. She lived to be past 100 years old and we have heard her tell this story many times. Our grandmother, Virginia Weston, lived to be 93 years old and was very proud of the fact that her grandfather Brison and her grandfather Webb and six brothers were in the Revolutionary War. Her father, Hugh Brison and his three brothers were in the War of 1812.

(Editor's Note: In the Revolutionary War records of North Carolina may be found the names of only seven men by the name of Webb, who served in the Tenth Regiment. They are as follows: Joseph Webb, enlisted May 20, 1777; Jno. Webb, enlisted September 1, 1777; James Webb, enlisted July 20, 1778; Jacob Webb, enlisted April 12, 1781; Rice Webb, enlisted April 12, 1781; Samuel Webb, enlisted August 1, 1782 and Lewis Webb, musician, enlisted August 1, 1782.'

(Editor's Note: In the Franklin County records may be found an interesting story of the slaying of Kilbuck, the renegade Indian who had killed a boy near Stips Hill, and was tracked by a party of men and killed by Hugh Brison, son of John Brison. The records of the War Department show that Hugh Brison served in the war of 1812 as a Private in Captain William T. Huff's Company of Militia, Seventh Regiment, Indiana Territory. His service commenced March 13, 1813, and ended June 17, 1813. This is the same Company in which William George II served.)

OUR HEROES

We are proud of our heroes,
Who have done valiant deeds;
Who have fought for their country,
And stood by her, in her needs.
There was Daniel Boone,
A pioneer brave,
Who "blazed" a road through the forest,
And Kentucky to us gave.
Then came Meriwether Lewis,
Whose death was a mystery;
Who explored the great Northwest,
"The grandest achievement in American History."
Then there was brave Davy Crockett,
As you every one know,
Who fought for Texas Independence,
And was murdered in the Alamo!
Then the great State of Oklahoma,
With its valleys and plain;
Was "opened up" for the people,
By the efforts of David L. Payne.
Yes, we are proud of our heroes
Whose life service gave free,
No selfish thought for themselves,
But to aid humanity.

(Editors' Note: The above poem was written by George S. Harley of Fairland, Indiana. He is a grandson of Jane Lewis Harley who was the oldest sister of David Lewis Jr. The editor of this book feels very grateful for the help he has given her in this work of compiling the Lewis History.)

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